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JUNE.

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BY H. NORMAN GUNNISON.

Breath of the clover, scent of the flowers,
Wild birds warbling a joyous tune,
Hand in hand, in the Summer hours,
Press we on with the matron June.

June with the sunny glance, and sweet—
June with the rippling laugh, and low—
Bathes on the beach her white, white feet,
Waiting the waters' ebb and flow.

Tidal waves, from a shoreless strand,
Round her footsteps eddy and play;
Walking beautiful over the land,
Comes she up from the coasts of May.

Robins round her twitter and sing,
Sweet is her breath with rare perfume,
Bright from the days of faded Spring,
Rare and beautiful, joyous June.

Comes she up from the happy South,
Sweetest mouth of the passing year;
Ripe, red kisses dimple her mouth,
Never a sorrow, never a fear.

So with her royal days she flees,
Withers and fades into hot July;
Drops her mantle over the trees,
Paints her glory upon the sky.

Fades, and leaves but the shade of mirth;
Withers her beauty all too soon;
Type of the fading things of earth,
Bright and beautiful, joyous June.

AROUND HIS NECK:

OR,

THE DOUBLE MURDER

OF

THE BROKEN ROCK.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JOHANNA PRITCHARD.

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CHAPTER XXII.

LADY FERDINAND'S INSANITY.

Five years have passed away. During these years Lady Vanderbuilt reigned supreme. Instead of their becoming less popular, the fame of Lord and Lady Vanderbuilt increased.

The Earl of Chester had grown to love his wife within those five years to such an excess that it seemed that his soul, his very life, was wrapped up in a smile or caress from her. Lady Vanderbuilt was wise for her years—she knew how to play her cards well. But we will do her the justice to say that she highly respected and revered her husband. She would not move a step to her revenge, did it bring sorrow or disgrace to the man who had placed her on the high pedestal on which she stood; and if remorse ever touched her heart, it was remorse for having deceived him. Every step onward to fulfill her vow of vengeance was most cautiously taken, and long delighted upon by herself and lover, before put in action.

Husband and wife spent the Summer months at Chester Castle; the fashionable season in London, at their magnificent palace. Thomas Harkaway was still the faithful secretary, and the adoring lover and the servant of the Countess. Let us now enter Ferndand's mansion, and see what has been going on there these five long years.

Where is the Lady Violet? Surely it is not that woman who sits on that low easy-chair. Yes; there is some faint resemblance to that once lovely girl who was the darling of her dead guardian's heart.

Look now at the golden locks rolled up in a careless knot; the heavenly eyes sunken, bloodshot and dim, with a dark rim beneath; and the once rosebud lips, now thin and pale. A plain black dress of rich silk, a white crape collar and cuffs, is the modest attire in which Lady Ferdinand is robed. Her head with her hand drooped, both hands clasped, like one in despair, endeavoring patiently to endure.

In a chair opposite sits Miss Rowland. She too has changed. The conceited air, the sentimental style, the sing-song voice, the waving of her hands and head, the rhyming, have all vanished, and as we see her now she has the appearance of a very sensible person. She has dispensed with her artificial curls, and wears her own hair, which is almost white, plain, down her cheeks and drawn in a knot behind. Also she wears a very neat cap and dark dress, with linen cuffs and collar to match, with a long apron. She sits with her eyes seemingly fixed upon the work she is sewing; but ever and anon she throws a glance over to the opposite chair, where her young mistress sits.

In a small rocking-chair is a child of five years of age. In a low, gentle voice, as if fearing to disturb the lady in the easy-chair, whom she believes to be her darling mamma, she is hushing to sleep a large baby-doll. Her beautiful luxuriant hair and hazel eyes, brow and Grecian nose, at once stamp her as the daughter of Lord Arthur Ferdinand; but around the mouth and chin the child resembles neither Lord nor Lady Ferdinand.

And where is Lord Arthur Ferdinand? you ask. Before I continue this scene I have pictured in the mansion of Ferdinand, I will let you know what has become of its master.

The introduction into fashion of the high necktie, according to Lord Ferdinand's anticipation, was realized, and he now mingled amongst the nobility of England without fear, and had been doing so for the past five years.

In his choice of friends and acquaintances, he studied the selfish, gayest, the most desperate. The pure and high-minded nobility shrank from Lord Ferdinand instinctively. Mothers who had a real interest in their daughters warned them against Lord Ferdinand's fatal fascinations, his handsome face, and honeyed tongue. The Duchess De Vere's daughter, Lady Constance Benton, suddenly informed her parents that she wished to break the engagement between herself and the Count. She would give no explanation either to her parents or to her lover, vowing that she did not love him, and would not marry him. This news soon spread, and the tongue of slander began to do its work.

"Maybe she is in love with that handsome Lord Ferdinand? And he is a married man! I have seen her dancing and waltzing with him, very tightly clasped to his breast, and the Count Horace all the while raving jealousy."

From this bit of talk, which the generous crowd of aristocrats listened to as slander, and the uncharitable as the truth—which it certainly was—the name of Ferdinand went the rounds as that of "a dangerous man." The next surprise was to hear that the Duchess and her daughter had fled to the Continent, and that the Duke had retired to his castle at Manchester. Rumor further circulated the belief that Lord Arthur Ferdinand was the cause of their flight; but he himself, when spoken to about the strange affair, simply smiled, and, smoothing out his elegant moustache, swore upon his honor that there was nothing in the matter. Yet the self-satisfied twinkle of the eye told the experienced libertines by his side that no one but Lord Ferdinand and the Duke's daughter knew the secret of their flight.

Disappointed, yet not hopeless of possessing Lady Vanderbuilt, he had dashed into the reckless life he is now leading. He had turned from his innocent wife, leaving her to lament her fate whichever way she pleased. Day after day he beheld his once lovely Violet fading away in silent grief, yet not one pang of remorse touched his black heart. Extravagant with his wealth, he had no need to look for friends, and was, therefore, always surrounded by bankrupt lords, ruined noblemen, and scheming gamblers. He sought no occupation, but lived in indolence, drowning his imaginary horrors in a constantly excited life of dissipation.

Finding himself, year after year, uninterrupted in his career by his stepbrother, he became fearless, bold and daring. But how he would have trembled, had he known that all his movements were sacredly watched. How quickly he would have dropped his head—the head he held so high, so dignifiedly—had he known that his footsteps were followed, that he was shadowed by a man who walked when he walked, rode when he rode, sat when he sat—a shadow that each day took different forms, and carried about with him a pair of handcuffs, a knife, and a pistol, ready at any moment to grasp him by the wrist and shriek in his ears:

"Murderer of the Broken Rock, you are my prisoner!"

Let us now return and continue the scene in the elegant sitting-room of Ferdinand's mansion.

Little Violet laid her doll on her chair, and, walking on tiptoe, as if she feared her tiny feet, spite of the thick velvet carpet, might disturb her mamma, approached her supposed mother:

"Mamma, baby is don to seep."

Lady Ferdinand started, opened her eyes, and gazed at the child before her, who looked into her face with that tender longing to be taken to her breast—that longing we often see in superior children of a very loving and sensitive nature. Lady Ferdinand pointed to a chair, saying languidly:

"I am not strong enough to nurse my darling treasure, am I, Rowley?"

"No, my lady," Miss Rowland replied. "I should think not; but I am sure you would grow stronger if you would only go to the country. Why not accept Lady Vanderbuilt's invitation? A visit to Chester Castle, my lady, would build you right up again."

Lady Ferdinand smiled and shook her head, as she said:

"I shall never leave Ferdinand Castle until I leave it in my coffin, Rowley."

By this time the child was standing on a chair close to her mamma, as we must call her at present. With her little arms around her neck, she was kissing her tenderly, and between each kiss she cried:

"I love mamma! Mamma loves Violet!"

"But Violet don't love papa," said Rowley.

"I don't love papa," echoed the child.

"Why not, my darling?" asked Lady Ferdinand.

"I'se afraid of papa."

"Why should you fear your own father, Violet? Does he not bring you presents, and is he not always kind to you?" she asked again in a strange voice, and, closing her dark lids, as if she would shut something from her sight, she lay back upon her cushions.

"Papa's eyes frightens me, mamma."

"Do you love Rowley?" asked the housekeeper.

"Yes," she replied. "I loves Rowley, and I loves the Earl of Chester, and the Countess."

"And don't love papa? That's too bad, Violet."

"Papa don't love mamma," said the child.

"How do you know that, baby?" asked Lady Ferdinand.

"Because papa never kisses mamma."

A tear, unseen, dropped upon Lady Ferdinand's thin white hand, and, rising from her chair, she quietly bade the housekeeper to attend to the child, whom she caught to her breast and kissed almost wildly, and then passed slowly on and entered her boudoir. Drawing the curtains and darkening the room, she threw herself upon the same lounge where, three months after her marriage, Lord Ferdinand swore how dearly he loved her.

"Where is your love now, deceiver?" she cried. "Where all your vows and promises? Would I had been buried by the side of my dead guardian! O my child, my child! if it were not for you, I could not bear this life—this dream of horror, which has haunted me for five long years, from the day I returned from Lady Vanderbuilt's first ball. My God! my God! could I but once know that this dream which haunts me is but a foolish imagination of my brain! Then could I live happier, more content, with the love of my child to bless me, though he has forsaken me. Oh, if I dared, if I dared!"

And Lady Ferdinand jumped up from the lounge impulsively, and, with hands clasped and lips firmly set, paced the boudoir like one bereft. She was brought to her senses by Miss Rowley coming in and informing her that Lord and Lady Vanderbuilt were in the sitting-room with little Violet, and anxious to see her ladyship.

"Dear Lady Vanderbuilt," murmured Lady Ferdinand, as she slowly wended her way to the sitting-room, leaning for support on Rowley's arm.

A pang of the greatest sympathy and pity struck the heart of the Earl of Chester as the wreck of the once lovely Violet appeared before him. As he turned to hide his tears from his wife, the Countess laid her head upon his shoulder, and pretended to weep also, so that her sobs might be heard, to confirm the belief of Mrs. Rowley "that Lady Vanderbuilt was her mistress' truest friend."

"My dear Lady Ferdinand," said the Earl, "it grieves me to the heart to see your health failing in this way."

"Oh, it's not my health that is failing, my lord," she answered, pressing his warm hand with her own, which was cold and clammy. "It is not that."

"What is it, my dear girl? Surely, you are not brooding on his lordship's fits yet?"

Lady Ferdinand shook her head.

"By all reports, I do not think Lord Ferdinand is worthy of you or of your love. I would not waste my life, health and happiness upon such a worthless scoundrel, if I were you, my child, when you have this lovely girl to love and cherish." And the old lord took little Violet in his arms and fondly caressed her, as if she were his own. Lady Vanderbuilt now advanced, and with loving devotion, repeatedly kissing her pale brow, drew towards her the Lady Ferdinand, on whom her revenge was working. Then, turning to the Earl, she desired him to remain where he was, and amuse himself with the child and Miss Rowley, as she wished some private talk with Lady Ferdinand in her boudoir.

"There," said Lady Vanderbuilt, placing her on the lounge; "you must relieve your mind of the secret that's killing you, or it will drive you mad."

"Ah! that's what I fear!" cried Lady Ferdinand, clasping her hands excitedly—"that's what I fear!"

"You alarm me, Violet," said her visitor, with surprise and fright upon her face. "What in the world can this secret be?"

"I know not what it is," was the reply, in a low, whispering voice, which sounded strange and hollow, and struck a chill through her listener's heart. "Whether it is a delusion of the brain, or whether it is true that spirits return to earth to whisper lies in our ears to drive us mad, I know not. But this I know," she added, raising her voice almost into a shriek, "from the third day after returning from your first fete, five years ago, the thought, the vision, the madness—or whatever it may be—has haunted my brain by day and by night until I feel my heart-strings crack with a terrible desire to test whether I am mad or sane. *I know* I am sane," she continued. "Do not fear me. You are Lady Vanderbuilt; I am the once happy wife of Arthur, Lord of Ferdinand. Within that room is the Earl of Chester—your husband—my child, and Miss Rowley. You see, I am not insane."

Lady Vanderbuilt's olive complexion turned almost white as she shrank from her victim's touch.

"For mercy's sake, Violet, *what* is this vision, this dream, that haunts you? Tell me—I will never divulge it."

"Listen," and the Lady Ferdinand gazed around, as if to be sure there was nothing before her.

"One morning, after returning from your ball, I awoke suddenly, and there, before me, stood a man resembling my husband, with the face—the white as that of a corpse—with a high black tie around his neck; and it seemed that some woman sat by my side and told me the story of the man who stood before me. 'I am his wife,' she cried, 'and he murdered me.' 'You are his wife,' she cried again, 'and they *hung* him. I am his wife,' and yet again she cried, 'and around his neck is the murderer's handkerchief.' In my vision or dream I saw the woman unroll the black neckerchief the man wore around his neck, and, pointing at him, she shrieked, 'Arthur Ferdinand, murderer!' While you live, the hangman's mark around your blackened neck shall be the proof of your cowardly crime!' I saw distinctly," cried Lady Ferdinand, covering her face with her dress, as if to hide the horrible vision from her sight.

Lady Vanderbuilt helped her to some wine, smoothed her pale face, and pressed her red lips upon the white brow.

"Have you ever been the victim of some awful affair? Think, dearest."

"No," replied the suffering victim of the other's vengeance, "no one ever told me. I've sat and thought and thought, until I am convinced it was a dream, or else my imagination."

"Why, my dear, you ought to know it was nothing but a dream or an optical illusion. Of course you told your husband, and he showed you his white and handsome neck, which ought to have relieved your mind at once?" said Lady Vanderbuilt tenderly.

"There you are wrong, dear friend, for I have never told a living soul but you."

"Good gracious, Violet! No wonder you have brought yourself to this wreck. Why, I tell the Earl every little thing I know. I would not have kept such a dream from my husband for the world, and I advise you, dear, to tell yours at once, unless you have some serious objection."

"I have a serious objection."

"I have been your confidant so far, love," whispered Lady Vanderbuilt, handing her some more wine. "You will confide in me still?"

"If not in you, who else?" murmured the young, unhappy wife of Lord Ferdinand. She did not like to ask him, since I knew he no longer loved me; and, besides, As always has worn a high kerchief around his neck since the hour we first met, and it is by his means it has now become the fashion of the time."

"Is it possible? But, my dear, you have certainly seen your husband without that handkerchief?"

"Never, never!" replied Lady Ferdinand earnestly, believing she was unfolding her wretched secret to her only female friend. "Believe me when I tell you—I have never shared my husband's full confidence, and have never seen him without that handkerchief."

"You amaze me! And have you never asked him the reason that he never wears any other?"

"Yes; and he always changed color."

"Heavens! Are you sure you are in your right mind?"

"I believe I am," answered the unhappy woman. "And if I did not fear him—did not fear that his anger and cruelty would make me still more wretched—I would tell him. He told me once," she added, "that in a moment of jealousy a young man shot him in the neck, and left there a *scar*, and that was the reason he always wore his handkerchief. He told me that when he loved me," she went on, "before my baby was born, for fear it would be marked, as this handkerchief always worried me. And, dear friend, tell me now what I have to live for?"

"For your child."

"My child? Yes, yes," Lady Ferdinand answered, "my child. And to enable me to live, what remedy is there to blot from my memory the mania which possesses it?"

"My dear Lady Ferdinand," said Lady Vanderbuilt in a sympathetic voice, "between ourselves, you really do not think there is anything secret or strange in the past life of your husband?"

"In the past, and in the present, there is, I think, something mysterious about him. As I grow older, I seem to have more wisdom. I watch his movements now. I never used to."

"You surprise me, my dear Violet. I cannot believe my senses. Is it possible," she asked, as if a new idea had struck her, "that you for one moment suspect your husband of being a murderer?"

"O have mercy on me, Heaven! if such a thought ever crossed my mind. My husband, the father of my child, a murderer! Oh, no, no, no!" And Lady Ferdinand writhed in the agony of despair at the fect of the author of all her sufferings.

"There is only one remedy for all this, Violet," said Lady Vanderbuilt in a solemn voice, as the miserable woman clung pleadingly to her. "Only one remedy; and that is to be brave, strong, determined. The next time you see Lord Ferdinand, tell him your dream, bid him bare his neck. Should he refuse, let it not crush you; for you can never be content with this mad imagination upon your brain—I say, should he refuse, find some means to enter his room in the night. When sleeping, his neck will be exposed to view, and I am *positive* that you will see nothing there but the simple scar you spoke of. Then, my Violet, you will be satisfied. The horrible vision that has haunted you will soon fade from your mind. Content and happy ever after, you will live with your darling child to bless you."

"You are right!" exclaimed Lady Ferdinand. "There is no other way left me but death. God bless you, dearest friend!" she added, throwing her arms around her. "To you I shall owe my future content and peace of mind. As for any more happiness in wedded life with the man I once so dearly loved, I parted with that hope forever many long years ago. It is only for my child's sake I care to live."

"Is Lord Ferdinand home to-day?" asked Lady Vanderbuilt anxiously.

"I have not seen him for five days. May be I shall not see him for five days more," was her sad answer.

"Well, then, darling, be sure to take as much wine as possible. It will give you strength to undergo the task which lies before you. He may at any moment appear. Be ready, love."

And the Countess of Chester put her arms around the confiding Violet, and they went back to the sitting-room, where the Earl, Miss Rowley and the little daughter of Arthur Ferdinand still sat. Lady Vanderbuilt played and sang some lively airs, to the delight of the child, who stood by her side, gazing with a strange earnestness into the face of the Countess. Lady Ferdinand and the Earl both remarked that the little Violet had taken a great fancy for Lady Vanderbuilt.

"It's very strange," said Miss Rowley, "that she should take such notice of the Countess, for the Countess seldom notices the child, and I don't believe she has ever kissed her."

Lady Vanderbuilt seemed highly pleased at this remark. Patting the child's head, which to the observing Rowley appeared to be patted with much condescension, Lady Vanderbuilt looked her full in the face, and asked with a meek, earnest air:

"What makes you stare at me as if you had never seen me before, little one?"

"Because I loves you," said the child innocently.

"Love me, and I never kissed you, Violet?"

"Kiss me now, lady; I longs to kiss *you*."

Lady Vanderbuilt's child held out her little arms with such an imploring, yearning gesture, to be kissed, that this woman, whose heart was filled with revenge and hate, for one second trembled. A sudden impulse—as if Nature's instinct in that second found its way to her heart, which, as she believed, she had bound with iron bands, locking and barring the entrance to remorse, love or pity for any of Richard Harkaway's blood and those who belonged to him—caught the child in her arms and kissed it with a wild, passionate love—known only to a mother's heart, the depth of that love. As Lady Vanderbuilt still held the child, pressing kisses on its brow, its lids, its lips, to the astonishment of those present, Lord Arthur Ferdinand entered unheard, and, watching the scene with delight, saw the Countess of Chester was heaping upon his child. He advanced into the room, and, bowing, begged to be excused for entering their presence unawares. The Earl bowed coldly to the master of the mansion. Lady Ferdinand beckoned him to her side.

"You must excuse me, my lord, if I run away with your wife—to which, as I see by your dress, you are going—I have that which is most important to my happiness to place before you, if you will honor me with a few moments of your time."

"Certainly," Lord Ferdinand replied, bowing, and passing over to Lady Vanderbuilt, to whom the child clung with very fear as he approached.

"This is the first infant I ever saw afraid of its father," said Lady Vanderbuilt, laughing. "I hope you don't beat her, my lord."

"Beat her! No, dear lady, I am all time ringing her presents, everything I can think of. Still she does not love me, and throws away everything I bring her. Can you account for such conduct? I wish you would talk to her—she seems to cling to you more than to her own mamma. Ah!" continued he, bending forward and speaking in a low voice, "no one but you, Lady Vanderbuilt, should ever have been the mother of this child."

Lady Vanderbuilt raised her brilliant eyes, and darted at him one of her magnetic glances, as she replied meaningly:

"Who knows, my lord, but I may yet be the mother of your child?"

"Give me, on your honor, such a hope," he whispered, her glance having instantly aroused the but slumbering guilty passion that still lived within his breast.

"What would be the use, my lord," she murmured, turning over the music, "while Lady Ferdinand lives?"

"I will soon remove that obstacle to our love."

And Lord Ferdinand grasped her hand, and was about pressing it to his lips, when Lady Vanderbuilt suddenly wrenched it from his grasp before he had time to raise it.

"Are you mad?" her eyes flashing fury. "Do you not see we are observed? Beware, lest in my presence, my lord, you allow your passion to overstep discretion."

Lord Ferdinand begged only to be forgiven, by his eyes, which Lady Vanderbuilt returned by a reconciled glance, and then she struck into some mysterious air, which Lord Ferdinand and the Earl stood and listened, filled with rapture—just as they stood and listened six years before at her marvelous performance. At the conclusion of the music, Lord Ferdinand invited the Earl of Chester to join him and his friends in their hunting excursion.

"Excuse me, my lord," said the Earl. "I have business more important than hunting excursions at my age. I have never found, in my experience of life, anything to be gained by wasting time. That's a pleasure and pastime for ladies."

"*Au revoir*, then," said Lord Ferdinand. "I trust I shall have the pleasure of seeing you again. My friends are waiting for me." And, bowing gallantly to all, he left the apartment, and was soon galloping away in search of his party of huntsmen, with a dozen thoroughbred hounds following at his heels. After the hounds Rowley was in the distance the shadow that never leaves him.

It was Lord and Lady Vanderbuilt's visiting day; so, bidding a tender adieu to Lady Ferdinand and the child, they departed.

Lady Ferdinand, on her supposed friends' departure, retired to her own private boudoir, and there with resignation awaited the return of her worthless husband. Miss Rowley entered, bearing a tray laden with such delicacies as she knew her dear young mistress needed. The housekeeper, noticing her ladyship buried in deep thought, was about to retire as quietly as she entered, when Lady Ferdinand's voice stopped her.

"Rowley," said she, "how long do you think I could live, wasting away as I am now?"

"O my lady! what makes you think of such melancholy things?"

"Answer my question, Rowley."

"Well, my lady, I am uncertain. I shouldn't think over five years longer. But I hope you don't think you can't get better?"

"Rowley, if I die, who will take charge of my child, my darling child?"

"What makes you talk of death, my lady?"

"Nothing. Go—leave me. Stay."

"My lady?"

"How many doors are there to my husband's chamber. Suppose, Rowley, you accompany me to his room."

A few minutes afterward Lady Ferdinand and Rowley sat in Lord Ferdinand's chamber.

"Three doors, Rowley? Where do they lead to?" asked Lady Ferdinand, watching the woman with great interest.

"One leads to a private staircase, my lady. This to an inner chamber, used as a dressing-room by his lordship. There are two doors in the dressing-room, my lady—one leading to the blue hall, the other into a passage which brings you into the garden."

"Thank you, Rowley. Are the keys in the door?"

"No, my lady. His lordship has but one key, and with it he fastens all the doors. That he always keeps about him."

"Are the doors, all the doors of these apartments, locked at night?"

"Yes, my lady; locked by his lordship."

"Rowley, send me Lord Ferdinand's valet, and bring back with you my purse, which lies on my dressing-table."

The housekeeper was bewildered at all her ladyship's questions, and wondered what in the world she was going to do, and what she wanted with the valet.

Lady Ferdinand now closely inspected the locks, which to her seemed indeed a complicated matter to understand. Turning to a cabinet which she saw open, she walked over to it and looked in. It was filled with letters. She glanced over them one after another, and flung them back again, with a smile of contempt and scorn upon her thin lips, as she said:

"The hypocrite! Were it not for my child I would sue for a divorce. But for the short time I have to live it is not worth the trouble."

Rowley and the valet now entered the chamber.

"Have you a key that will unlock any of these doors?" asked Lady Ferdinand of the valet, who turned red as scarlet at the question. "Nay," continued her ladyship, perceiving his confusion, "be not afraid of losing your place; but lend me the key for a day or two, and I will throw it in your chase—to which, as I see by your dress, you are going—I have that which is most important to my happiness to place before you, if you will honor me with a few moments of your time."

"Yes, my lady," stammered the valet. "The reason I have a key is because my lord often goes out before the room is arranged."

"There is no necessity of an excuse. Just answer me a few questions."

The valet bowed assent, and pocketed the gold with a self-satisfied smile.

"Do you wait for your master and disrobe him at night, and dress him in the morning?"

There was a strange, nervous twitching in her voice as she put this question to the valet.

"No, my lady. I have never as much as taken his lordship's shoes off. As for disrobing him, his lordship once kicked me like a dog from his presence for my merely asking him if he wished me to—as I has always been my duty as valet to disrobe and assist in dressing the gentleman who engages me."

"You may retire."

"Thank you, my lady."

Bowing low to his young mistress, he left the room, wondering what her ladyship wanted with the key.

"Now, Rowley, come and help me to lock and unlock the door leading out into the blue hall."

"What mystery is this, my lady?" asked Rowley, surprised.

"I will tell you to-morrow, Rowley. And now, as I understand—yet shall not need it, perhaps—the way to use the key, we will return to my boudoir."

Hour after hour passed away. The day had gone; night came on. The morning's dawn was clearing the clouds of night away before the footstep of Lord Arthur Ferdinand was heard at his wife's chamber-door.

Still with his hunting-suit on, fatigued, vexed for having lost two of his pet hounds, half intoxicated with drink, he knocked loudly. Starting from her couch, his unhappy lady, trembling from head to foot, opened the door and let him in.

"Madam, according to my promise, on my return I am here, to listen to the important matter you have to relate."

He spoke, standing with his back to the door, in a dignified, commanding tone. The poor delicate creature sat on the couch, her heart beating wildly. Yet, remembering Lady Vanderbuilt's words: "Wine to strengthen you," she pointed to the bottle of wine upon the table. The impatient lord would not take the hint, but quickly said:

"Wait upon yourself, my lady. I am not your servant."

As if inspired by the cruel remark made by her husband, she rose firmly to her feet, walked to the table, and helped herself to some wine, which invigorated her sufficiently to assist her in this interview. Resealing herself upon the lounge, she folded her white thin hands tightly together, as if to help in her speech.

"My lord," she began, "I desired this interview, believing it will be either our reuniting or eternal separation."

"Eternal! What means your ladyship by those words? Eternal? Separation?"

"My lord, I have had a dream ——"

"Go on. I have had many dreams also."

"My lord, it is that dream that is killing me, and not your neglect and cruelty."

"I am glad to hear it, my lady. And the dream? Attend strictly to that; I am in haste."

Lady Ferdinand's courage began to fail—she hesitated.

"Proceed, madam."

"O my lord! Arthur, husband! Spare me the agony of relating my horrible dream by quickly taking off that handkerchief! Let my eyes for the first and last time gaze upon your bare throat, or you will drive me insane!" Lady Ferdinand fell at her husband's feet. "Oh, for the love of Heaven! don't look at me so. Once loved lord and husband, have pity on your dying wife! Tear off the tie, or let *me* do it ——"

Lord Ferdinand caught her wrists, and, forcing her upon a chair, held her down.

"Woman!" he hissed between his clenched teeth, "don't trifle with me, for I am a desperate man when roused., I have already borne with your groans and tears. I am weary of you; I wish you were dead! And if, by not showing you my bare neck to gratify your crazy imagination, you will die, then die!—for never, while life lasts, will your request be granted. Now, what have you to say more?" the brute concluded, as he cruelly thrust his frightened wife back on the chair.

"Nothing!" she gasped, "nothing to you more. Go, inhuman, unprincipled wretch! May the misery you have brought upon my innocent head add another curse to your guilty life."

"Wretch! Guilty life!" the enraged husband shouted. "What do you mean, woman, by these words? Quick! speak, or I'll choke you to death!" Lord Ferdinand caught her by the throat and shook her as he whispered to her: "If it were not for my title and wealth, I'd squeeze the life out of you this night."

And, dashing her with all his might upon the floor, he rushed out of the room. Not a shriek escaped the wretched woman's lips. She lay cold and senseless. But as the clock ticked and the minutes and hours passed the hand round to five o'clock in the morning, slowly the once lovely Violet arose to her feet and tottered to the lounge, opposite to which stood a large mirror. The young wife raised her eyes. At the same moment a piercing scream was about to burst from her lips, when she flung herself upon the lounge and stifled her shrieks by burying her face in the downy cushion. What did she see in the glass? There was blood upon her face! At last, after a few moments' pause, she jumped up, as if impelled to action by a sudden thought, and, fastening the door, she washed the crimson stains from off her head and face.

Then, cautiously, she cut from her white night-dress the spots of blood that had dropped upon it, and with the scissors holding them before the gas, they were instantly consumed to ashes. A sudden pain darted through her brain, and everything became dark and memory seemed fading. She gazed vacantly round the apartment, not knowing who or where she was, or how she came there. She pressed her temples as if to ease the pain within. Then slowly she fell to the floor again, and lay white, cold and senseless as before.

It was eight o'clock in the morning when Miss Rowley knocked at Lady Ferdinand's door. No answer. Another knock, and still no answer. The housekeeper listened at the keyhole—not a sound could she hear within.

"She is sleeping sweetly, doubtless. I won't disturb her. I'll come back in a little while."

The little while passed, and Rowley knocked at Lady Ferdinand's door again. No answer.

"Something wrong!" exclaimed the housekeeper, running for her skeleton key.

She was back in an instant, and with a throbbing heart she unlocked Lady Ferdinand's door. Miss Rowley was not a coward, yet she stood aghast upon the threshold. Lady Ferdinand was lying as we left her, still unconscious.

"My God!" exclaimed Rowley, "is she dead? No, thank Heaven! only in a swoon."

And the faithful creature raised her gently in her arms, and laid her upon the bed. Bathing her head and face with some pleasant yet powerful restoratives, she soon brought her to her senses by a sleep near you, for fear a like accident may occur again."

"Rowley," said Lady Ferdinand, "I have a presentiment!"

"A presentiment, my lady! Of what?"

"Of death!"

"For Heaven's sake, my lady, you frighten me. You so young! No, no; there is a bright future before you, if you only don't give way to grief. Think of your little child, Violet."

And the housekeeper gave her some wine and stroked her head. As she did so, her hand touched a spot which made Lady Ferdinand shriek and drop the wine.

"What have I done?" asked the woman, almost frightened out of her senses on seeing her mistress throw her arms and fall back senseless on the bed, in her third swoon.

The same restoratives were applied over and over again, but nearly an hour had elapsed ere Lady Ferdinand was herself once more.

"Shall I send for the physicians, my lady?" asked the distressed Miss Rowley.

Lady Ferdinand smiled—ah! such a sad, woe-begone smile—as she said:

"Too late, Rowley, too late! And now go and bring me Violet, my child, and tell no one I am so ill. Bring me the most nutritious food, and wine. I want strength for one day more! Go. I hunger and thirst for strength."

Miss Rowland had reached the foot of the staircase, when she found herself face to face with Lord Ferdinand.

"How is your mistress this morning, Rowley?" he asked, stopping the housekeeper as she was about to rush past him.

"My lady will be none the better for your asking," she replied, pushing his hand from off her shoulder.

"Indeed, Miss Pert. And why not, pray?" said he, scowling upon her with fierce eyes as he caught her by the arm.

"Because she is dying, my lord; and then you'll be rid of her."

"Thank Heaven for that!" thought the villain, as he dropped the housekeeper's arm. And then he said, with every appearance of honesty: "Are you in earnest, Rowley? Do you mean to tell me my wife is dying?"

"I am sure of it, my lord," answered the woman.

"Good God! my wife dying!" and Lord Ferdinand pulled his handkerchief from his pocket, tottered to the stairway, and to all seeming sobbed bitterly.

"I am going to send for the physicians at once, my lord," said Rowley.

"No!" exclaimed Lord Ferdinand. "You go and see that every attention is paid your mistress, while I will fly to the physicians and send them back in my own carriage."

And, pretending to wipe the tears from his eyes, he disappeared quickly from Miss Rowley's sight.

While the latter went to pay with her sick mamma. Hour after hour went by, and no physicians appeared. Lady Ferdinand seemed brighter and stronger as the night set in, and finally told Rowley she was delighted that the physicians had not come.

"If they had," she said, "I should have been much worse."

Later her eyes burned brightly, her voice was louder, she was growing stronger and stronger.

"It is time for my treasure to be taken to her bed, Rowley, and yet I grieve to part with her," said Lady Ferdinand, as the clock on the mantle struck nine.

Miss Rowley was about taking the child to her rest, when her mistress called her back.

"Violet, my darling, do you think you understand that mamma is going soon to rest in heaven?"

"Yes; mamma is going to die." The child burst into tears. "But I will never forget mamma. I will cry every day for you," she continued.

"You will have your father to love," said Lady Violet, shuddering inwardly, and closing her eyes as she spoke, as if to shut his image from her memory.

"If mamma wants me to love papa, I will try," answered the child sadly.

"Never forget your mother," cried the unhappy lady, clasping the child of her enemy to her breast. Then beckoning Rowley to carry away the now sobbing infant, she clasped her hands across her breast, and raising her eyes to Heaven, sighed heavily as she murmured: "My end is drawing near."

"I am so much improved, Rowley," said Lady Ferdinand to the housekeeper on her return, "since morning. I beg you will at once retire. Should I need you, I will touch the bell."

The housekeeper certainly thought her ladyship was much better, but did not wish to leave her alone all night.

"Well, I won't irritate the poor soul," she said to herself; "but I'll sit up and read to-night. Ah, me!" she continued, "what a sad thing is love. It was well I had the strength of mind to cast George Smith from my heart, or my poor life would have been destroyed forever. And that would have become of my dear young mistress and her child?"

Miss Rowley pressed the lips of her beloved mistress, saying: "I will obey your ladyship," and quietly but regretfully retired to her room.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FISH HATCHING IN CHINA.—Having collected the necessary spawn from the water's edge, Chinese fishermen place a certain quantity in an empty hen's egg, which is sealed up with wax, and put under the sitting hen. After some days they break the egg, and empty the fry into water well warmed by the sun, and then nurse them until they are sufficiently strong to be turned into a lake or river. This curious mode of propagating fish has been in vogue for several centuries in the Flowery Kingdom.

A MUSICAL TOWN.—Monmouth, Oregon, must be a sweetly sonorous place. With only forty houses, it has nine organs, three pianofortes, and one instrument described as a "piano-mel-deon." Moreover, it has for street purposes a corract band of fourteen performers, with numberless guitars, fiddles, banjos, fifes, flutes clarionets and other private instruments of melody.

THE DERBY DAY.
Scenes on the Road between London and Epsom.

TOO SOON.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY HENRY HUTCHINS, M. D.

I once had an income of stars,
Owned shares in the soft silver moon,
Was poet to Venus and Mars,
And my pulses were set to a tune.
I believed like a child every tale that was told,
Believed in Life's promise, Love, Laurels and Gold,
But scarcely believed I should ever grow old;
I found out the difference too soon, too soon!

That is past—I am old, I am grim,
I've sold my shares in the moon;
For starlight my eyesight is dim,
And the song of my life is a croon.
For Love is a sorrow that will not sleep,
And Laurels are thistles the foolish reap,
And Gold is a bauble we cannot keep,
As I found from experience too soon, too soon!

For the Love I could weep—she is dead!
She was sweet as the roses of June;
This curl it was cut from her head—
It is all that is left of Love's boon,
Whose joy so pervaded a part of my life
That even its trifles with sweetness were rife;
But my darling forever was never my wife—
She grew her white pinions too soon, too soon!

The Laurels I gained me a few,
But the berries were poison they bore;
And they changed in a season or two
To thorns on the forehead that wore.
For they said that my music, that promised to be
So grand in the prelude, had changed in its key,
And the key was a minor without melody,
So they granted me Laurels no more, no more!

For the Gold I did honestly earn,
Their checks I was driven to take;
But the Bank was a shaky concern,
And I spent them for fear it would break.
I lavished my earnings on rich and on poor,
And the prince and the beggar both met on my floor,
But when my checks vanished they went from my door,
And I don't think they'll ever return, return!

Now, what is there left me to do?
My being is all out of tune;
If a change I should chance to pass through,
Experience might prove it a boon;
Might prove that the cruel is really the kind,
The blast from Death's valley a rose-scented wind,
Restoring all glories which left me behind
In the days that departed too soon, too soon!

U. S. Naval Hospital, Phila., May 2, 1875.

THE THIRD WATCHER.

A TRUE STORY OF MENAGERIE LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MNEMOSYNE.

It was the first year of the cholera in America. The entire country was in a state of the most terrible alarm at the dread and unknown visitant. It had come almost without warning—swept a simoon of death, striking here and sparing there—striking where the least expected, and leaving a track of gloom from shore to shore.

Fear was in every heart. There was no telling of its approach—nothing to predict when it would be in dense city or sparsely-settled country—no known means to check its ravages—no known medicine to break its power or alleviate the fearful sufferings. Its fatal breath was death, and men looked each other tremblingly in the face, whispered with pale lips, and wondered who would be the next to die.

Fear was in the mart, and fear was in the temple. Business staggered beneath the heavy blow. The good stood with bowed heads and lips burthened with words of prayer, and the bad crept shuddering aback, waiting for the approach of the fell destroyer. Everything possible was done to ward off the blow, but, alas, of how little benefit! The disease laughed at human safeguards, and stole as a thief in the night over all human barriers.

For a time amusements of all kinds were ignored. The people could think of nothing but themselves—of preparing as best they could for the fate that, even at the instant, might stand unseen at their elbows, and be stretching out its icy talons to fasten with its never-pitying clutch upon their hearts.

This was peculiarly the case in the country. Association made the populace of cities a trifle more bold, but in the scattered houses outside of their limits terror sat upon every hearth-stone, and death appeared more appalling from being less seldom known.

At last, however, the nation awoke somewhat to the fact

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1875.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

J. S.—"A friend of mine to-day gave me the following problem to solve as a puzzle: There was a frog in a well twenty-eight feet deep; this frog rose every day two feet and fell back one foot. How long did it take him to get out of the well? My friend says twenty-eight days, but I say twenty-seven, and we have bet."..... As you have stated the problem (and old problems like this are rarely stated correctly), the frog would require twenty-eight days to get out of that well. Had the case been as the old problem really is: "He rose two feet every day, and fell back one foot on every day but the last," then the answer would be "Twenty-seven days." By not providing thus for the twenty-seventh day, at the beginning of which the frog has two feet to jump, he must fall back a foot; for the proposition, as it stands, provides, in the term "every day," that he shall never rise two feet without falling back one. On the twenty-eighth day he can so rise and fall, and still be on terms *friendly*. You lose.

E. G. C., Boston.—"I bet the Bostons would beat the Athletics yesterday (27th) in three innings. 2. I bet the Bostons would beat the Athletics by two runs or more in yesterday's game. 3. By the game being declared a tie, are all bets off?"..... 1 and 2. You lose. The principle is the same as if you had bet that the Bostons would beat the Athletics by a score of 12 to 4, and should claim a draw because the score was 20 to 5 the other way. In other words, you claim a draw, not because the Bostons have not won by two runs or more, but because they have not won at all. Not forgetting that the party with whom the wager was laid did not contract that the Athletics should beat the Bostons. 3. Only those bets are off in which each bettor contracted that the club he took should win.

BLOCKHEAD, Charleston.—1. The Mount Pitt Circus was erected in Grand street, in this city, in 1826, by General E. W. Sandford. It was built of wood, save that the front was of brick. It was very large, being calculated to contain some 4,000 persons. The left wing was occupied in front as a porter-room and in the rear as a stable. When first opened it was called the Lafayette. The concern was not a paying one, and ultimately it brought the proprietor to bankruptcy. It was destroyed by fire in Aug., 1829. It cost $100,000, and no insurance could be effected upon it. 2. We have no list of the various persons who performed there. 3. We cannot say what has become of Archibald Madden the clown. 4. We shall be pleased to see you.

G. Oshkuk.—"1. Two parties here bet, one that the game played by the Whites of Chicago and the Reds of St. Louis, this season, score 1 to 0 in favor of Whites—was the best inning's record; the other bet that it is not. Which is right? 2. In the same game, how would a bet on the score of two to one be decided?"..... 1. Up to May 21, the game of Whites *vs.* Reds was the best inning's record. A present match of Hartfords and Mutuals *is* the best, perhaps. State the precise language of this bet, and also when it was laid, if a decision is desired from us. 2. Bet first, and call for a decision afterwards.

CANCAN, Houston.—1. In 1871 the populations were as follows: London, 3,251,804; Liverpool, 493,346; Manchester, 355,665; Birmingham, 343,696; Leeds, 259,212. 2. The name of the clipper was legally settled by his sentence to imprisonment, but there is still much agitation in England over the result of the trial. 3 and 4. England is credited with being the strongest naval power in February, 1870, if the British navy consisted of 408 vessels of all descriptions, carrying 5,394 guns, of which 50 were gun-vessels and 58 gunboats. Several ships have been built since then.

SAXON HALL, Washington.—"1. A bet B that the Bostons would beat the Athletics two runs in the game played May 27 in Philadelphia. As the game was declared a draw at the end of the ninth inning—score, 3 to 3. Atlantic 10, 39, the year being 1845. 2. George B. McClellan, 1273: 2d in a class of 59; year, 1846. 3. Fitz John Porter, 1238; 8th in a class of 41; year, 1845. 4. "W. P. Banks was merely a civilian general—not a graduate of any military school.

BROWN SOX.—"On May 19, a player, a member of the Brown Sox of St. Louis, played in a regular championship match of said nine. On May 20 he was released, his contract canceled by the Brown Stockings. Now, was this player eligible to play in the Keokuk nine on May 27 of same year?"..... Decidedly, under the new rules.

T. J. M., Kansas City.—1. It is a perilous business for novices to undertake. 2. It is a matter of private agreement, and would depend altogether upon the merit and reputation of the artist. 3. Apply to the Secretary aforesaid. 4. You must pay in every city. 5. Water-colors. 6. See answer to 3.

SUNSCHEIN, Chicago.—"The play is cribbage. One party held the queen of diamonds, four of hearts, five of diamonds and ace of hearts, with the six of diamonds on deck, and called seven points. The opposite party claimed two points for the sequence. Were they right in so doing? State question in full."..... No. That rule is obsolete.

REX, Boston.—At railroad euchre (the only game in which it is permissible for a player to attempt to help his partner), a player is assisted can not call for his partner's best. An "assistance" means that the two partners shall play together. It is equivalent to an order up, we have always held, and bars a making alone.

W. K., Phila.—"I bet that there would be 18 blanks on the Athletic-Boston game, played May 27. The other party claims that he does not lose, as all bets are to be made out of what description, as the game was a draw."..... This bet has no bearing upon the result of the game. There were thirteen blanks, and you win.

BASEBALL, New Britain.—"Jones B that the Hartfords will beat the Mutuals three to one. The Hartfords won by a score of one to nothing. Does A win or lose the bet?"..... This point is at present before the Association in our columns, and pending that discussion we shall give no decision.

WILKIE, Worcester.—Frank Walworth had no new trial. There has been no modification of his sentence; but some eight months ago he was removed from Sing Sing to another prison. He is now in hospital, and, as is reported, dying of a brain disease.

SPRING CHICKEN, Columbus, O.—Send a printed title-page and $1 to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., which will copyright your title. Within ten days after publication, send two printed copies of the pantomime. You cannot copyright tricks—those must be patented.

FRANK B.—1. White, Spalding, O'Rourke, Barnes, Schaefer, G. Wright, Leonard, Hall, Wright and McVey composed the Boston team of 1874, and Clapp, McBride, Anson, Battin, Sutton, McGeary, Godney, McMullin and Fisler the Athletic. 2. Start.

PERCY, Cincinnati.—1. The characters in "Alixe" are erected in Grand street, in this city, in 1826, by General E. W. Sandford. It was built of wood, save that the front was of brick. It was very large, being calculated to contain some 4,000 persons. The left wing was occupied in front as a porter-room and in the rear as a stable. When first opened it was called the Lafayette. The concern was not a paying one, and ultimately it brought the proprietor to bankruptcy. It was destroyed by fire in Aug., 1829. It cost $100,000, and no insurance could be effected upon it. 2. We have no list of the various persons who performed there. 3. We cannot say what has become of Archibald Madden the clown. 4. We shall be pleased to see you.

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PERCY, Cincinnati.—1. The characters in "Alixe" are Percy, Ferdinand, in 1854, being then but three years of age. We have no record of the others.

D. W. M., Lowell.—John C. Heenan was born May 2, 1834; John Morrissey, Feb. 5, 1831. They fought Oct. 20, 1858.

BET, Baltimore.—A man who bets on a certainty can win. It is simply requisite that there shall have been no fraudulent concealment of his knowledge.

A. C. E., Hollaston.—J. Lady Thorne's 2:18¼ was made at Narragansett Park Oct. 8, 1869. 2 Dexter is in his eighteenth year.

J. H. W., Galveston.—The only "Young Democracy" we ever heard of is an organization that has been dead some years.

J. T., Phila.—The Schiller was a single shell. The only double-shell steamers crossing the Atlantic are those of the Red Star line.

SONG AND DANCE.—See J. Bogan's advertisement this issue.

HARRY, Cleveland.—Such lumps in the throat of a dog generally result from a cold, and usually go away of themselves. A little soap liniment will assist.

JOE, Ashland.—A "fair-foul" is a ball which is hit to the ground fair, but which rebounds out of the fair field to the foul ground.

J. F. W., Chicago.—We know of none in that section of the country. Write to John Wise, aeronaut, Philadelphia, who can probably supply you.

E. S., Phillipsburg.—Your best way would be to advertise for one at once, as applications for that date are numerous.

BLANK, Philadelphia.—A list of the principal prizes was published in *The New York Herald*, a file of which you could, probably, see in one of your city libraries.

NEW READER, Lancaster.—You cannot travel with a minstrel troupe as a beginner, because they engage only performers who know their business.

T. T. L., St. Louis.—1. See our Trigger Department. 2. We have a correspondent there, but shooting news will be acceptable.

WILL. F. JORDAN, Petrolia.—John McMahon and Homer Lane are engaged this week at the Adelphi Theatre, Chicago, Ill.

CONSTITUTION.—Yankee Sullivan beat Prof. Bell, on Hart's Island, N. Y., Aug. 29, 1842. They fought 24 rounds in 35 minutes.

D. M. G.—The five-mile time made by Denny Leary, John, Jim and Barney Biglin—30:44¾—is the fastest on record.

STAKEHOLDER, Chicago.—He has no record for that distance. Draw the bet.

T. S. W., Burlington.—The wager was decided by the umpire's ruling.

J. A. S., Fall River.—That is a private matter which does not concern us, and we cannot insert the letter.

SUBSCRIBER, Rochester.—George Rooke was born at Dundalk, Ireland, in 1842, and stands 5ft. 11½in. in height.

BAR, New Jersey.—We cannot state positively; but don't think he did.

P. S. S., Columbia.—We have not heard of him for a long time. If he is still in the business, a letter addressed to him in care of this office should reach him.

CONSTANT READER, Detroit.—They were transacting business a few weeks ago, at which time they advertised in this paper.

R. F. G., Boston.—B wins. Drawing a game is not winning it. Draws, if ever contemplated or thought of by A, should have been provided for.

W. B., Phila.—The City Hall is built of so many different materials, that it will save us trouble if you will please state the nature of the dispute.

E. H. W., New Haven.—If A had one to go, and B, given six by A, had also one to go, then A's high would put him out, provided he made five other points.

CIGAR-MAKERS, Geneva.—James Braidwood, superintendent of the London Fire Brigade, was killed during the fire that broke out on Cotton's wharf, at 4 P. M., June 22, 1861.

NO SIGNATURE, Scranton.—B can pass after the draw, and come in after A has bet. The age remains with the same player as when A began to deal.

P. D., Brooklyn.—You will find a complete list in THE CLIPPER dated April 17 last. We cannot spare space to reprint it.

CONSTANT READER, Brooklyn.—1. The two first-named are about 16 and 12 years respectively; the other is 13. 2. They are.

SOLID TIMES ROCKS, Louisville.—It is the identical individual.

G. G.—The Crystal Palace in this city was destroyed by fire Oct. 5, 1858.

B. B., Philadelphia.—H. Wright was born in England, G. Wright in New York. 2. Do not know.

TOM.—Hatfield is slowly getting over the effects of his broken arm. He is batting finely.

NORRISTOWN.—Harry Wright is captain; and when he is not playing, Spalding acts.

E. L., Grand Rapids.—Address a letter to him (stating his business) at the theatre in which he is now engaged.

B. B., Louisville.—"S. P. Q. R." means "The Roman Senate and people!"—*Senatus populusque Romanus.*

POETRY.—"Infelice," by Adah Isaacs Menken, was published by Lippincott of Philadelphia, about 1870.

JACOB BRUCK JR.—You could, probably, get them by advertising.

F. E. J., Elkhart.—Forrest never played in New York and Philadelphia on the same night.

S. O. L., San Francisco.—1. Time is not recorded on the English turf. 2. Shepherd's 1:41¼, Kentucky time on record.

READER, Lockport.—Victoria was crowned June 28, 1838. She was proclaimed queen on June 21, 1837.

J. P. T., Pittsburg.—The ball is to be replaced in front of O. N. Buck's residence, and the game to proceed. He shot.

NEDDIE, Waterbury.—The fastest double-team time is 2:27¾, by Jessie Wales and Darkness.

WM. SHANAHAN, West Troy.—Address W. H. Griffith & Co., Vesey street.

FRANK H., Wilmington.—Get Ed. James' (see business card elsewhere) book, "The Terrier Dog," price one dollar. R. T. S., Columbia.—The distance part is regulated not by dollar length and width of the alley, but by the size of the pins.

G. AND J., Cincinnati.—As trump is not turned at pedro, there is no point arising in connection therewith.

K. K. K., Keokuk.—The bet is off, the postponement having vitiated it.

PROFESSIONAL.—They are round, and about four or five inches in diameter.

PRINTER, Toledo.—Born in 1830: Nov. 7, 1847; Feb. 14, 1857, respectively, in the order named by you.

W. M. S., Connersville.—The company collapsed some weeks ago.

BOXIANA, Toronto.—Billy Shaw, son of "Old Jemmy," is keeping a public-house in London, Eng.

WILLIAM KEW, Jersey City.—They are matched to fight this month.

BEN F. LEWIS, New Orleans.—We do not know him by that name. Was the start a flying one?

BARBER, York.—George Seddons was referee in the Hicken-Campbell fight, which took place March 4, 1873.

R. L. T., Cincinnati.—Waterman was third baseman.

G. I. S. H. Wintenet.—They were not received.

B. B. B., Boston.—Your inference is correct.

KID R. BOSTON.—Have a "regular" there.

J. H. R., Philadelphia.—The pin counts.

X. Y. Z., Urbana.—He cannot claim.

STAR & FRAME.—We do not know.

A READER.—We do not know.

JERRY.—Consult a druggist.

BOSTON.—K loses, of course.

Summed up.

"Will the evidence weigh much with the jury," asked Squibs,

"When the trial is finally done?"

"Can't say as to that," answered Briggs, looking wise;

"But I s'pose think it would weigh *Full ter ton!*"

EPSOM RACES.—This is what we *intended* to say: "While all the other jockeys were exerting every nerve to be *near* the blue ribbon of the turf, Morris carried off the trophy by a mere *Galop-in!*" But we shall leave it unsaid because nearly every other feller has already given utterance to something similar. It was also our fell purpose to have said of the Oaks: "While all of the others were in a cluster, vainly endeavoring to get out of the *web* that kept them together, the sportive Archer contrived to *spin a way*, and it *seemed* up the winner at the finish." This, too, must be forever lost to our readers, owing to our being forestalled by other unscrupulous journalists who see papers happen to be issued a few days in advance of ours. "Insatiable Archer, will not this suffice?"

WHEN MINISTERS of the gospel and sextons of the church are bidding the lives of our children and sacrificing the future of lovely maidens to gratify their evil passions, where, O where shall the weary soul find rest? So repeated and so devilish have been these church offenses of late that the pulpit has been compelled to cease its attacks upon the drama and look to itself. Verily, verily, there are thousands in our midst wearing the livery of Heaven to serve the devil in, and their crimes pan out like a big bonanza.

THOSE WHO INVENT A-FISHING, last Saturday night, per Plymouth Rock, were not very favorably impressed with the success of their venture, a heavy wet and a sea rocky of the finny tribe making the early portion of the voyage anything but pleasant. Who caught "this fish" has not been divulged, there being various claimants. We suggest that it be stuffed, and sent to the Centennial for exhibition as a "Plymouth Rock fish."

"NEW ENGLAND" must have committed some heinous offenses in her time, to be punished as she has been of late. Scarcely a day elapses that we don't hear of some dire calamity, some dreadful visitation, some wholesale slaughter eventuating in Massachusetts and other Eastern States. Happy New York! Conscious of her white-souled purity, she goes along in her innocent ways, while sympathizing with the sufferings of other cities.

DECORATION DAY in New York falling on Monday May 31, our post-office closed at 10 A. M. on that day; and as it is quite probable that a portion of our correspondence due at that time is "locked out," we make this statement so that our friends may be enabled to account for the omission of their favors.

A GRANGER, in complaining of the grasshopper plague, also dolefully alludes to the *stout built weeds* that have blasted his land. Singular coincidence—Charles O'Connor and others have a like complaint against the *stout Bill Tweed* that has blasted our land!

THOSE WHO have been hurt by the explosion of Gen. Sherman's double-decker, iron-plated, gilt-edged souvenir of the war, are unanimous in their recommendation to that officer to once more "march down to the sea," and, like a good soldier, "fall in."

A FRESH-MAN, who has never been guilty of violating the canons of his college, wants to know whether or not it would be considered impolite to the students who row the shells in the Summer regattas to term them *row shell salts*.

THE RACING SEASON shows a marked improvement this year, over previous meetings, in the class of patrons as well as in the sport offered: so that it is no longer true that the *race course* often engenders a *coarse race!*

SINCE the abolition of the underground pardoning power at Sing-Sing, prisoners take the elevated road, and escape without apparent collusion.

JAMES has discovered that the *Great Eastern* and the *Great Weston* are both rapid travelers—the first on water, and the latter on paper.

NOTING a "Parasol Opening" announced, "Our Jim" says that's nothing new, as *all* parasols open, he believes.

"ACCORDING to the learned counsel," it *now* appears that at all of Mrs. Morse's *interviews* she was always ready to *hint her views* in regard to her "scoundrel son-in-law." Let future sons-in-law take warning.

AN EARNEST RATTER in "Our National Game" reminds us forcibly of a barroom lounger, because he is wide awake for "a ball."

THE COMING PLAY.—"Waiting for the Verdict."

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

☞ On May 24: Dispatches from abroad stated that England had made to Germany representations of a nature calculated to correct misconceptions and insure peace between that country and France; that a man named Weisinger, who attempted to extort money from Father Beltz, was arrested, and is suspected of offering to assassinate Prince Bismarck; that the Spanish Government suspended *The Imparcial* for an offense against the press laws; that the Government will introduce a bill in the Belgian Chambers making intention to commit a crime punishable as an offense; that the Emperors of Austria, Germany and Russia will probably meet at Ems; and that *The* (London) *World* and *The Standard* severely criticise the revival movements of Moody and Sankey, at whose services in Bow Hall and the Opera-house, on this date, over 50,000 persons were present..... Business in Memphis, Tenn., was generally suspended in observation of the general services of the joint decoration of the graves of Union and Confederate soldiers. The shot-riddled battle-flags carried by both sides during the Rebellion were in the immense procession..... Lieut. John L. Clem, U. S. A., "the little drummer-boy of Chickamauga," was married at Baltimore to Miss Anita, daughter of Gen. W. B. Tresch..... Chas. Booth, of Plymouth, Pa., shot Annie W. Brinkley dangerously in Philadelphia, and then killed himself..... Perry French, W. Ross and Celia Maley were seriously injured by the explosion of a boiler at Franklin, O..... The Mexican troops were reported to have sustained a serious defeat at the hands of the insurgents at San Luis Potosi..... Losses by fire: on the 23d, Gibson & Tyler, Gaines, Cook & Co., and other firms in Minneapolis, Minn., —loss $66,500, insured for $46,000; A. T. Stewart's barn and seven horses, Garden City, L. I.—loss about $7,000.

☞ May 25: The Rhode Island General Assembly elected Henry Lippitt Governor, and Henry T. Sisson Lieut.-Governor..... The miners at Lentz, Bowman & Co.'s collieries, Mahanoy City, Pa., resumed work, accepting a reduction of 20 per cent. on the basis of 1874..... In this city Police-officer Chas. W. Williamson, charged with the murder of John Campbell, was acquitted..... Foreign news: that a person arrested in Vienna, Austria, had in his possession an anonymous letter containing an offer to assassinate Bismarck for 1,000,000 florins; that the upper house of the Prussian Diet passed the bill to suppress convents; that the Belgian Senate adopted a vote of confidence in the Government in respect to its conduct of the correspondence with Germany; that, fearing a disturbance, the German Government forbade processions in honor of the Pope's jubilee; that, upon examination in a police-court in London, Eng., Wm. Smith, one of the mutineers of the schooner Jefferson Borden, said that the mutiny was caused by ill-treatment by the captain, Mate Lawless and the boatswain; that Lawless went ashore at Wangi Wangi, and was said to have been burned by the natives—the crew were saved; that Monsignori Pecora, Simeoni, Franchi-Mattei and Ferrieri Pontina will be created Cardinals June 24..... Mrs. Brinkley of Philadelphia died from injuries inflicted by Charles Barth..... The suicide by hanging of Nicholas Emery, a farmer of High Bridge, N. J., on May 22, was not announced..... Losses by fire: Alfonso & Co., A. T. Demarest and other occupants of 160 and 162 Crosby street and 630 Broadway, this city, had their stocks damaged to the extent of $30,000, fully insured; Davenport & Jewell's livery stable, Ithaca, N. Y.—loss about $8,000, insured.

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LATEST NEWS By Telegraph to The Clipper.

BASEBALL.

Athletic vs. Philadelphia.

PHILA., May 31.—At the game between these clubs to-day about two thousand persons were present. The Athletics made four two-base hits in the first inning, and earned three runs. The Philadelphias made three in their first inning, one in the second and two in the third, and a couple of questionable decisions gave them two in the fourth inning; the Athletics being meanwhile blanked. Excusable error by Palmer and McMullin, and a good hit by Hall gave the Athletics two runs in the fifth inning; and errors of McGeary, Meyerle and McMullin gave them two more in the seventh, tieing the Pearls. In the tenth inning the Athletics batted magnificently, making eight runs on eight clean hits and two errors; Sutton making a clean home run. The score:

ATHLETIC.	T. R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.	PHILA.	T. R.	IB.	PO.	A.	E.
Force, s.s.	6	2	3	0	5	2	McMullin, l f	5	1	1	6	0	4
Clapp, c.	6	2	1	0	5	3	McGeary, r s	5	2	1	2	2	1
Anson, 1st b.	6	2	1	0	3	2	Addy, r f	5	2	1	2	0	1
Craver, 2d b.	4	3	3	7	1	0	Meyerle, 2b.	5	1	1	1	3	2
Sutton, 3d b.	6	2	2	2	3	5	Fisher, p.	5	1	1	0	2	0
Hall, l f.	6	3	3	0	2	2	Malone, 1st b	4	0	2	11	1	0
Bechtel, c f.	6	2	2	0	2	0	Fulmer, s.s.	5	0	0	2	5	1
McBride, p.	5	1	2	0	1	0	Snyder, c.	5	1	0	5	2	1
Richmond, r f	6	1	1	0	0	1	Murnan, c f.	4	0	1	0	0	1
Totals	54	16	19	30	13	17	Totals	46	8	13	30	14	12

Athletic	4	0	0	0	2	0	2	0	0	8—16
Phila.	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	0	5	8—8

Runs earned—Athletic, 6. First base on errors—Athletic, 8; Philadelphia, 7. Double plays—Craver and Anson. Umpire, Geo. Heubel. Time, 2h. 35m.

PEDESTRIANISM.

New York Athletic Club.

About six hundred persons, the greater proportion being ladies, gathered to witness the annual Spring games of the N. Y. Athletic Club, held on their grounds at Mott Haven, on Monday afternoon, May 31. We have only room for the results of the events contested, which were as follows:

One-mile run, handicap—Contestants, Messrs. W. E. Sinclair, D. M. Stern and Kelly. Won by Stern—time, 4 min. 39⅘sec.; Sinclair second.

One-hundred-yard-race, handicap, in heats, 12 entries—First heat—two started, W. H. Curtis and Strasburger, who ran a dead-heat. Second heat—two started, A. H. Curtis and Lamontayne. Won by Curtis; time, 11sec.

Running high jump, for club championship—Contestants, Messrs. Burris and Foote. Won by Burris, who jumped 4ft. 6¼in.

Seven-mile walk, for club championship—Contestants, D. M. Stern and Frazer. Won by Stern; time, 1h. 4m. 11; Frazer's, 1h. 10m. 45s.

Running broad jump, handicap, three entries—Contestants, Messrs. Foote, Rathbone and Burris. Won by Burris, who cleared 17 feet, 7 inches.

One hundred yards, final heat—Four starters. Won by A. H. Curtis; time, 10¾ seconds. W. Curtis second.

One-half mile run. Sinclair and Long withdrew, and Burris ran over the course alone; time, 2min. 24sec.

One-mile walk—Four contestants. Won by W. E. McCredy; time, 8min. 29sec. Pollock second; time, 8min. 43sec.

Quarter-mile race, handicap. Contestents, W. D. Curtis and Stow. Won by Curtis; time, 58sec., Stow giving out.

Among the lookers-on were the professional walkers Ed. Mullen and Jim Smith, who indulged in some talk about match-making.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

Weekly Record of the Decease of Prominent Individuals.

COMPIL

THE TURF.

THE MARYLAND JOCKEY CLUB.
Spring Meeting.

FIRST DAY—WEDNESDAY, MAY 26.

The meeting commenced on Wednesday, May 26, at Pimlico Park, having been postponed on account of the heavy rain on the previous day. The weather was beautiful, the attendance was large and fashionable, and the racing excellent. The number of admirably-appointed equipages was very large, and the ladies' stand presented a brilliant array of the beauty and fashion of a State proverbial for the loveliness of its women. The track was safe but not fast, for the rain of the previous day had made it heavy and holding in places, especially near the inside railing; but under the Summer sun it dried up considerably during the afternoon, the racing not commencing until 3 o'clock P. M. A capital programme of sport was provided by the club, the racing commencing with a

THREE-QUARTER-MILE DASH,

for maidens of all ages, for a purse of $300, with an entrance fee of $15, the latter going to the second horse. There were nine entries to this race, all of which came to the post, viz., A. D. Brown's c. c. Astral, Messrs. Davis Brothers' c. g. Storm and b. f. Jest, Geo. Bowie's b. c. Hoffbrook and f. Orderkoh, J. Donohue's b. f. Brunette, P. Lorillard's b. g. Audacity, D. J. Bannatyne's b. h. Audubon, and J. F. Chamberlin's b. c. Tom Ochiltree. The knowing ones picked out Brunette as the winner; for, although she had never started in public, his private reputation and he had never started in public, his private reputation and racing-like appearance favorably impressed the speculating fraternity. In pools he sold for $100, Astral $75, Audacity $40, and the others well up. Along the back Brunette rushed past her horses to the front, and carried them along at a merry gait, leading them a length at the half-mile pole, and the others well up. Audacity was second, Astral third, and Tom Ochiltree fourth. Going along the lower stretch, Hughes let out Tom Ochiltree, and he passed his horses in rapid succession, holding a clear lead at the turning into the quarter-stretch, his immediate followers being Audubon and Audacity. Brunette having fallen back being Audubon and Audacity. Brunette having fallen back beaten. Without ever being touched by whip or spur, Tom Ochiltree galloped home an easy winner by a length and a half; Audubon second, three lengths before Audacity, the rest unplaced by the judges. Time, 1:24½. French-pool tickets on the winner paid $16.50 each.

THE CHESAPEAKE STAKES,

for three-year old fillies—$50 entrance, play or pay, with $500 added by the Club, of which $100 to the second filly, one mile and a quarter—had twenty-two nominations, every one of which came to the post, making the value of the stakes $1,090. These were P. Lorillard's b. f. Vernango, E. A. Clabaugh's c. f. Violet, D. J. Crouse's b. f. by Revolver—Dowsell & Cammack's b. f. Invoice, and their g. f. Gray Lag; Harbeck & Johnson's c. f. Australind, M. H. Sanford's b. f. Finework, J. F. Chamberlin's c. f. Scramble, and A. B. Lewis & Co.'s c. f. Vinaigrette. Mr. Sanford's filly Finework had shown such superior form as a two-year-old that she was made the favorite over the field, the betting being somewhat odd, however, did not fancy that it would impede her action, and he openly expressed his confidence of her beating the field, and he openly expressed his confidence of her beating the field, which proved correct. In pools she sold for $50, Scramble, $35; Vernango, $40; Vinaigrette, $66; Australind, $40; and the field, $30. The night before, Chamberlin's entry had sold almost even with Sanford's, as it was expected that he would run his fleet gray filly Lizzie R. but, having hit her leg at exercise the day before, she was unable to run, and the stable had to be represented by the mediocre Scramble, to the great disappointment of those who had backed the entry in the hope of Lizzie R. running. When the flag fell to a capital start, Finework was first away, Violet second, and Australind third, the rest bunched. Finework maintained her lead to two lengths, which she retained at the quarter-pole, where Vernango held second place, Australind third, Invoice fourth, Gray Lag fifth, and Finework had been pulled back by her rider, Feakes, sixth. Along the backstretch and past the half-mile pole, Vinaigrette led the field a merry gait, and it looked as if she would imitate her sister Lizzie's flash comparison. Vandalite's usual style of winning in making her own running throughout, and chopping down her opponents by the severity of the pace. Australind, however, was not to be denied, and, coming to the front at the stretch, Feakes let go of his head, for she had been pulling him almost out of the saddle, and she shot past her horses as they had been standing still, and challenged Vinaigrette, and a fine struggle home ensued, with good judgment. Feakes took his filly to the extreme outside, where the going was hard and good, while the colored rider of Vinaigrette kept in the centre of the track, and for a second was undecided as to which to imitate for his own benefit. Finework, however, made a struggle, short, sharp and decisive, for a short distance, and then Finework drew away, was never again headed, and won cleverly by a couple of lengths. Vinaigrette, second, Australind third, Violet fourth, Invoice fifth, Vernango sixth, Gray Lag seventh, and Scramble eighth. Finework's victory was a popular one, as the favorite got away from the start in front, and led under the wire, with Stanford, Kadi, Scratch and O'Neil following in the order named. Kadi took second place from Stanford before reaching the quarter-pole, and ran locked with Caribou along the back and lower stretch, but fell back into third place on the straight run-in. Caribou continued to force the pace on the next half-mile, which caused Kadi to tire under the weight and fall into the rear. Stockwood now went up, and, after a brief struggle, defeated Caribou, and won the race by a length; Caribou second, and Stanford third. Time, 2:44½.

THE MILE-HEAT RACE,

for a purse of $600, $100 to the second, with allowances for sex and age, to which the three-year-olds, 7lb; four-year-olds, and 12lb if five-year-olds, had eight runners—Mill Boy, 98lb; Burgoo, 105lb; Dublin, 108lb; Audubon, 102lb; Paladin, 108lb; Brookland, 108lb; Venango, 92lb; and Jim Hoagland, 108lb. The pools before the race sold for $220; Dublin, $150; Audubon, $90; Brookland, $55; and the field, $40. Audubon won the first heat after a fine finish with Dublin in 1:47; Brookland third, Audubon now became a great favorite at $100 to $50 over the field, but after a determined struggle Dublin beat him by a neck in 1:46½, all the other horses distanced. The odds now changed to $100 to $80 on Dublin, who could off better than Audubon. The former cut out the running for the three-quarters of a mile, when Audubon challenged, and, after a brief struggle, beat him to the score by four lengths, winning the heat and race in 1:49½.

THIRD DAY—FRIDAY, MAY 28.

The weather continued bright and warm, improving the track greatly, while the attendance of visitors exhibited a gratifying increase in point of numbers. The racing on this day was of an unusually interesting character, for although the programme announced [illegible] as the principal event, the contest substituted in its place was much superior to it in point of racing interest. The great event of the day, however, was the Preakness Stakes for three-year-olds, for it brought together Bay Final, the champion of the dark-blue colors of Mr. Sanford, who had won the seven-furlongs race on the second day of the meeting, and Tom Ochiltree, who had carried the white-and-crimson spots of Mr. Chamberlin to victory in the three-quarter-mile dash, and public opinion among turfmen as to their relative racing merits ran high and warm.

THE SELLING RACE,

for all ages, for a purse of $500, of which $100 went to the second horse, one and three-quarter miles, had seven horses entered. Those entered to be sold for $1,500 carried full weight; for $1,000, allowed 5lb; for $750, 10lb; for $500, 14lb; if not to be sold at all, to carry 7lb extra. The horses that started were L. H. Hitchcock's c. h. Century, $500, carrying 94lb; and his c. f. Lutetia H., $500, 94lb; J. Donohue's b. h. Cariboo, $500, 109lb; Messrs. Davis Bros.' Betsy, $500, 91lb; P. Lorillard's c. c. Persuader, $1,000, 103lb; Mart Jordan & Co.'s b. g. Brookland, $1,000, 110lb; and W. A. Dun's br. c. Moses Primrose, $500, 94lb. In the pools Persuader, who was heavily backed by his influential stable, sold for $165, Hitchcock's entry for $150, Cariboo $60, Brookland $30, and the field $25. Just before the start Hitchcock's pair, Century and Lutetia H., became in such demand that they supplanted Persuader as favorite. When the flag fell Betsy was left behind, Cariboo making the running at a clipping pace, followed by Brookland, Persuader, Moses Primrose and Hitchcock's pair. Persuader, Moses Primrose and Hitchcock's pair. The latter soon took second place; but as the horses passed the stand, Cariboo was leading, with Moses Primrose second, Persuader third, Brookland fourth, Hitchcock's pair second, Persuader third, Brookland fourth, Hitchcock's pair fifth, Century sixth, and Betsy seventh, without any further change of position for the next half mile, when Century passed his horses, and, closely attended by Cariboo, led to the head of the homestretch. From this point Century and Cariboo ran an exciting race home, Cariboo passing under the wire a neck in front, but the judges decided it a dead heat, and a mile and a half was ordered. Dissatisfaction at this decision was arrived at, the race ultimately terminating in favor of W. R. Hunt's w. g. White Cloud, who was sixth in the first heat, fourth in the second, and second in the third, D. R. Quinton's b. m. Lady Kildeer (who ran away just before the start for the fifth heat, throwing her second in the breaking the sulky) on the third heat, was second in the first, fourth and sixth, and third in the second and fifth, was awarded second money; and A. Dehart's br. m. Hannah D., who was second in the second heat, third in the first, fourth and sixth, and fourth in the third, and the fifth heat, won third money. B. S. Wright's bk. g. Ned Forrest took the first and second heats, but in the third he was distanced, Thomas Mac'meet, who had won the third heat, in the same heat. Lady Whitman was third in the first, fourth and R. D. fifth, Little Mary being drawn after the third heat, and Filbert after the fourth. Time, 2:28¾, 2:30¼, 2:34¼, 2:36, 2:33½, 2:36¾, 2:38, 2:39. Geo. H. Mitchell took second money, and Coroner K. third; Nellie Walton, fourth, and Trumbull being ruled out after the fifth heat.

The third and closing day of the meeting, May 28, had for a starter a race between 2:50 nags—$450 to the first, $250 to second, and $100 to third. Some considerable interest was manifested in the event, as the Cascade House, Highland Falls, N. Y., on which Mr. Conover's Yan Gale, whose Novelty Billiard-room, Brooklyn, was disposed of on Feb. 4 last, is about to start anew in that city. The location is on Fulton street, and the rooms have undergone a thorough renovation. The opening of the Spring; and as if to especially favor the oarsmen who were to take part in the events of the day, as the time appointed for the commencement of the first race was a little after 4 o'clock P. M., the heavy clouds was drawn across the glowing face of Old Sol, while a light northwest breeze added to the comfort of participants and spectators, without causing the water to ripple in the least, which was in admirable condition for the sport of the day. The course selected for the three events programmed was that from the powder boat, anchored off the foot of Fifty-second street, Brooklyn, to Florence's Dock, at Macomb's-dam bridge, the distance being set down as one mile, straight away. The different boat-houses located on the western bank of the stream were gaily bedecked with bunting, the waving of their banners to the breeze in honor of the occasion, while the surface of the river in the neighborhood of the starting point and finish fairly swarmed with row and sail boats, barges, etc., propelled by skilled oarsmen belonging to different clubs, their showy and various-colored costumes enhancing the beauty of the scene. A pair-oared shell race had been set down for 4:30 P. M., but as no other two men in the club cared to make a test with Frank A. Brown and John A. Walker, it did not take place. The referee therefore called up the contestants in the race for

SINGLE SCULLS.—FIRST HEAT.

John A. Walker.. 1 | James Wills.... 2 | Ed. W. Coles.... 3

Wills had a shade the best of the send-off, but Walker soon overhauled and shot himself ahead, both men going off at tolerably high pressure, and Coles rapidly dropping in the rear, and to all intents and purposes out of the race. After entering the second quarter Walker made his effort to get the lead, and after a close brush with Wills he obtained it, crossing the latter's bow with a lead of two lengths when half the distance had been covered, after which the result was not in doubt—as indeed it could scarcely have been considered at any time—for Walker continued to gain, without doing his utmost, and finally crossed the line three lengths ahead of Coles was 4 lengths behind Wills. Time, 6:03.

SINGLE SCULLS.—SECOND HEAT.

James D. Fost.... 1 | Wm. B. Kemp.. 2 | Jos. Muir Jr... 3

This heat proved a very exciting one, as each of the three candidate for early honors, went to the front at once upon receiving the word, and, keeping an admirable course—while his opponents came together in a body for a little over one length, and afterwards lost more ground by execrable steering—won with ease by about three lengths. Kemp was second, fully six lengths before Muir. Time, 7:26½.

FOUR-OARED-SHELL RACE.

Frank W. Bacon (bow), Lindsey Watson, A. W. Montgomery, John Gunther (stroke).... 1

John A. Walker (stroke).... 2

J. B. Reynolds (bow), Arthur B. Froil, George C. Power, G. E. Reynolds (stroke).... 3

William Robinson (bow), W. A. Lenthilon, C. W. Macy, Chris. G. Gunther (stroke).... 4

Jones and Walker were cricketers, and kept about a half length in front of Gunther's and Walker's crews—who lay about level on either side of the leaders—until the bend of the river was reached, half a mile from the start, when the two eight men were sculling at the rate of 36 to the minute, but when half the course had been completed the latter began to increase their stroke, and rowing some 40 strokes per minute, at once led out, and so rapidly did he go in front that he was over a length to the good at the first stake-boat, which he was compelled to round, and still went away farther and farther, until at the end of a quarter of a mile he led by three lengths. The same distance separated the men at the second stake-boat, and the eight men were sculling at the rate of 36 to the minute, but when half the course had been completed Walker began to increase his

THE GAME-COCK.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY WM. McFARLANE.

See that bonny brave bird, well known as the gray,
Ever ready for battle by night or by day.
From him and the blackred a duckwing had sprung,
Of him and a blackred the ancients have sung.
Pray, what is a blackred? permit me to ask.
Find his true shade of color, that's really a task;
View all their shades—paint they lovely and grand?
Yes, the gray and blackreds are the pride of the land—
Have prominent eyes to detect the wild hawk,
A neat, upright carriage, with bold, active walk,
Feet broad and thin, with a fine spreading toe;
A wide, curly breast as black as a sloe;
A red, taper face, with head like a snake;
An arched, slender neck, to look wide awake;
Lowe, powerful wings, a perfect flat back;
And his close, glossy plumage no feathers must lack;
A beautiful red or brilliant maroon
Of various shades, eclipsing the moon;
His deaf ears and wattles are rounded on edge,
With sleeky throat-feathers as firm as a wedge;
Has a bar on the wing, like the color of steel;
On his fine scaly shank a neat-fitting heel;
Thighs firm, round and stout, not too high in the shank,
Well up in the shoulder, as strong as a crank;
With closest fitting feathers of velvet fine—
A Tartar for either the red, white or blue;
An old stalwart father, a neat standard bird—
God the browned and duckwing I'll give you my word.
Ave! Yonder he stands, that game bird the duckwing,
With that beautiful plumage surpassing a king;
You see how majestic he struts on the grass—
How he crows and salutes the young pullets that pass.
Just scan that neck-hackle, a silvery gray,
With a saddle, maroon, as bright as the day.
Examine that lovely watch-spring colored bar,
With white ralky feather, tipped wings that can war.
Sickle feathers, tail coverts, a glossy, dark green,
Legs yellow, blue, willow, are readily seen,
With short, flowing, wavy, dark-green sword tail—
A match for a monarch or ship in full sail.
And there struts the White from the Bay of Bengal,
A terror to fly with, a beak that can maul.
'Twas he and a blackred that brought out the pyle,
A noted good boxer, has courage and style.
From Java, Sumatra, away in the East
Came that beautiful blackbird—I think not the least—
In a struggle as quick as forked lightning is he;
Like a sailor, has fought and won battles at sea.
From various strains the Spangles we get,
And the bluegray that is now becoming a pet.
There are other fresh strains not mentioned herein,
For to mention them all we could not begin.
Then the stand, feathers, the stand, feathers and bill—
To trace them all up requires labor and skill.
And he who would rob another man's strain
Is a cowardly thief, with a worthless, bad name.

Rise up for your game-birds, the pride of the ring—
Of their beauty and courage let fanciers sing;
And if they be game, boys, do not them misuse,
For he is a scoundrel that will them abuse.
Being gifted by nature with spirit to fight,
They by their own choice in it take a delight.
Still, make it your hobby to do unto them
As you would be treated by all fellow-men.

Hibernia, Nfld., while we was.

THE BEAUTIFUL EQUESTRIENNE.

A STORY OF THE CIRCUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY H. ALSTON DARLEY.

"So you would like to join us, eh?"

"Wal, yes. I kinder thought's how I'd like to go on the road a bit, an' p'raps be a actor."

The interrogator looked at the applicant with astonishment, incredulity plainly written in his suntanned features, a merry twinkle in his eye; and then he emitted a low, merry laugh from between his lips. He glanced at the young man, clad in Kentucky jean, and looked admiringly at his well-knit frame and comely face.

"What is your name?" he asked.

"Lyman Randolph," was the reply. "You see," the youth added confidentially, brushing back his curly locks of rich auburn, "dad used ter keep the Boar's Head Hotel, an' pretty mostly all on the circus chaps put up there; and when I was only big enough ter walk, they'd take me out on their horses, an' larn me how ter ride. I haint no hammer-shewer" [amateur], "you kin jes' bet! for I kin ride bareback, fly thro' the moon, scale fences an' stand on my head, while yer fastest horses goes round the ring, as easy's I kin eat plum-duff. I've got a little circus all of my own, I have! You jest come an' see me ride, and if I don't do all I have told you on, I'll eat my old hat—*now!*"

Ralph Heybourne, manager, looking carefully into his visitor's eye, detected no brag therein; but, instead, he saw energy, an aptitude to serve and to please, and firmness of character. Possessing his hat, he accompanied the young man to his "circus." It was an inclosed lot about half an acre square. In the centre was a well-beaten track, well carpeted with fine shavings and dead leaves, with stationary posts around the circle (to which were suspended the "moons" referred to); and, on one side, a stout fence about four feet high. A cozy mare was nibbling the rich green grass, and its sleek, shining coat drew from the manager's lips an ejaculation of mingled surprise and admiration.

"Yer haint got a prettier one in your stables nor her?" enthusiastically exclaimed Lyman. "Here, Queen!" and, pricking up her ears, the beautiful animal came gracefully bounding to his side, rubbing her proud head against his breast.

"If yer've got anything nicer, I'll give her to yer!" and Lyman fondly caressed her glossy neck, as he added: "Now, jes wait here a second, an' I'll show yer what I kin do."

He walked quickly to a small house, built stable-like, on one side of the inclosure, and disappeared. When he returned, five minutes later, he was costumed in a tight-fitting dress of blue and scarlet, with spangles intermingled; in his hand a girdle and bridle. Arranging the latter on Queen, he sprang nimbly on her back, and at the word she flew around the ring. He went through all the most difficult feats with graceful agility; and then, catching hold of the streaming mane with one hand, and placing the other on her back, he elevated his lower extremities, knocking his sandaled feet together the while. Then he drew up at the manager's side, and dismounted.

"Now, what do yer think o' that? I've told yer a passel o' lies, haint I? Not any, yer kin bet."

Very nearly accomplished, indeed, the manager, heartily pleased; "and I think you would prove a valuable acquisition to our already long list. Will you accept an engagement? *I* make the proposition now. But I wish to inform you as to the trials and hardships of our life—of a certain degree of jealousy existing between the leading people."

"Yer needn't throw in none o' my pockets," was Lyman's cute reply, adding: "Run, Queen, my Queen of Hades—eh, mister?" with smiling glance at the manager, as the noble animal cantered away to partake of the Summer carpet of nature. "Terms haint a-goin' to perclude my inclinations," he continued; "I kin go for one season jes' the same, 'cept as to the matter o' that. I'll rely on you for honest and upright dealin', mister; but I won't abide any doubleplay. I kin start right from yere with yer, an' if I don't be a *star* next season I'll *star-re* afore playin' second-fiddler." And he laughed at the attempted witticism. Ralph gravely joined in, and both shook hands over the engagement verbally contracted.

And thus it was that extra orders were forwarded to Philadelphia for new printing, with an additional highly-finished poster bearing the beautifully-executed description of the intrepid horseman:

MR. LYMAN RANDOLPH,
AND HIS BEAUTIFUL MARE, THE
QUEEN OF HADES,
whose astonishing abilities in speed, strength, and graceful deportment have gained both the most marvelous admiration and universal reputation.

And so, when "Heybourne's Moral Circus and Menagerie" opened in Waverley, Pa., the company was augmented by Lyman and his Queen of Hades.

Circus life, as Ralph had said, was exciting, and its trials many; and on several occasions, when fatigued almost beyond endurance, Lyman had serious thoughts of abandoning it and returning to dear old Waverley. But refreshing slumber dissipated the thoughts, and he was as anxious to proceed as ever.

Without displaying the different members of the company, we will bring to light two of the principal people, who will participate prominently in the future of this story.

Mons. Henri Velarno was a trim, nicely-built Frenchman, of about thirty-five, with finely-chiseled features that impressed a casual observer; but intimate acquaintance with him betrayed a sinister, devil-lurking expression in his bright eyes, and his fine features, when flushed with dissipation, were expressive of a deep-seated passion that horribly distorted them. The employés of the circus avoided him on such occasions, and the manager was compelled by policy to humor him, else serious consequences would attend; for the caravan might lay over a week, if he was annoyed during his deep imbibations, and Monsieur knew his attractions as a "card" throughout the country. But when he was completely sobered he made profuse apologies, and life in the circus flowed on musically as ever.

The other was Senorita Paulina, the principal equestrienne. Though of Cuban birth, there was no Southern languor in the stately, erect figure, no Southern sallowness on the fair face and neck, and the luxuriant hair shone in the shadowy gold of Northern light. The light of Northern snows lingered in the features, delicately moulded, yet vividly animated, disclosing a temperament sensual, calculating, dominant. Passion flashed in her violet eyes, pride sat on the low forehead, all a siren's sweetness veiled the pink lips, and in the spiritual contour of her head appeared the intellect cultivated under Northern skies—the integrity of a nature that could imbue suffering with strength, and dare to accomplish where feebler souls were crushed.

And she cast longing, feverish eyes upon Lyman's glowing beauty and ripening manhood, and his noble qualities only served to awaken within her a love for him that grew and strengthened with the hours. But, while not absolutely avoiding her, he for the first month merely greeted her with a cordial "good-day, senorita," and then passed on.

But Henri Velarno gazed with evil eye on him, as Randolph gained confidence and newer success each day, and the slumbering passion in his breast began to boil like a huge volcano, only awaiting opportunity to burst forth and consume the unconscious offender. And in his dressing-room, when he heard the acclamations of delight that greeted his rival, his spirit groaned under the restriction, and he heaped inaudible maledictions upon him. Nor did the designing nature of Paulina escape his vigilant eye. He had hoped to win her himself at no very remote period; but while she had deigned to notice him prior to Lyman's advent, she as quickly repelled all his advances, to give her love, her very soul, to a man uncontaminated by petty vices.

In the course of a few months the unsophisticated mind gradually hardened to professional life, and after he had mastered every act he gave more attention to the circus people and their surroundings. Utterly won by the apparently sweet temper and adulation of the beautiful equestrienne, he gave her every attention, and the face of the Frenchman grew black with rage; and one night, while Lyman was doing his "turn," he approached Paulina, who was standing at the actors' entrance to the ring, watching Lyman with feasting eyes, and, touching her on the shoulder, said:

"I want to see you a while."

"Oh, is it only you, monsieur?" she said, a peal of low laughter issuing from her lips.

"Yes, it is only I. I want you."

He led her to a pile of canvas, and, bidding her be seated, continued:

"There was a time, Paulina ——"

"Senorita Paulina, monsieur, if you please," she interrupted him with.

"But you allow *him* to use that term—why not me?" Unanswered by her, he resumed: "I have noticed your growing intimacy with that person, and have failed to account for it. There was a time, *Senorita* Paulina," with a callous, sneering voice, "that you hung upon my words, sought me out that I might bring the bright blushes to your cheeks by servile flattery; when you exhaled your sweet breath upon my cheeks so that it seemed to work into my veins, and finally into my heart, where it eventually congealed; and then your bright image, unmolested, took root and flourished there. It grew into a passion, until I thought my very soul would be consumed with its sublimity. But as the world changes day by day, so did you turn from me to this upstart, this circus-possessed idiot, who, seemingly, has usurped the place I once held in your heart. I thought it past credance at first, but after-consideration only made it the more certain."

He paused for a while. Who can tell what thoughts intruded themselves upon the two minds? Neither spoke, neither moved for a moment; then, as if struck by some brilliant idea, the Frenchman cried:

"But I may be mistaken in my blind jealousy; you may be but encouraging this young man in his new profession. Tell me truly, *do* you love him? Ah, he cannot know such love as mine that I now offer you with the purest of motives. I can give you position, everything. This upstart is comparatively poor."

"That upstart, as you say, possesses wealth equal to yours, and has no one to share it with him. That *upstart* is, undoubtedly, a gentleman, and would not revile *you* behind your back."

"But if he continues in this profession, and is encumbered with a wife and children, think of the wealth that would speedily evaporate as so much air. I have riches, reputation; the latter you have in abundance. Become my wife, and a fame immortal will be our lot. Join your reputation to his life, and it will be as so much dross compared with gold."

"You forget, Mons. Henri Velarno, that Lyman Randolph has had but scant experience in this life we follow; but, as to reputation, fame unparalleled by past or future ages will most surely be his. I am not selfish or ungrateful, Mons. Henri, and to your kindness to me in the past I am deeply sensitive."

She did not notice, sitting in the glare of a reflector, that his face had changed from black to livid.

"And so you refuse my offer?" he said in a husky voice—"refuse to minister to a love you have engendered? Then let me tell you I was not educated for pleasure. I can even now define the thoughts that surge through your mind. Let me look into the future. You will hate this new lover of yours with as bitter, revengeful intensity as you now love him. There will come a time when you will return to this night's conversation with avidity. I will await that hour, be it for numberless years; but you will come, as surely as I predict. Mark me, Senorita Paulina, mark my words!"

He walked slowly away, leaving her with her head bowed in deep meditation. Were his words prophetic? she thought. Would the time ever come when she would turn to him for succor?

"No, no!" she cried; "it is impossible, impossible!"

A sudden burst of applause from the audience dispelled her gloomy thoughts, and she sprang to the curtains in time to see Lyman return from the ring, and receive a smile from him that caused the rich, warm blood to suffuse her neck and face with crimson blushes.

The lapse of time is soon recorded, and ere another month had gone, the days wrought many changes. The three so strangely bound together by professional ties went on their way, to the entire eye blessed with every gracious gift; but below the tranquil surface rolled that undercurrent whose mysterious tides ebb and flow in human hearts, unfettered by race or rank or time. The weather was growing chilly, and the circus had veered southward—through Virginia, North Carolina, and into South Carolina—with much success. The climate was beautiful and warm, and new life seemed to be entered into by all. From the rustic youth Lyman had developed into a refined-looking city gentleman, and his tastes and habits were adequately proportioned and cultivated. He was the constant escort of Paulina; but, seemingly, Mons. Henri was ignorant of the fact; or, if he did observe, it passed without comment from his lips. Yet his slumbering passions were being more thoroughly aroused, and when they pitched tents at Charleston for a week it burst forth with fury. But he kept it under control from all eyes, nursing it in secret, so that what was to occur would not be accredited to him.

The Wednesday following the arrival of the circus at Charleston was a bright, gloriously beautiful one, and Paulina was satirically, as was her nature to be. The day passed slowly away with its accustomed routine, with the exception of deep inhibitions from Henri; and Paulina noted this apprehensively—also that he was furtively watching Lyman with an expression lurking in his eyes she could not define or like. There was a grave suspicion in her mind that all was not as it should be, and that it was no ordinary piece of business that required interpretation. She tried to shake off a restless feeling, but in vain. There was a fascination in the Frenchman's eyes she could not resist, and so the evening passed away. When Lyman came to escort her to the hotel she exchanged herself on the pleas of seeing the manager; and, knowing Ralph would see her to the hotel, he bade her a good-night and left. As he passed out of the tent she saw another form follow in his wake, which she immediately recognized as the Frenchman's. Impelled by some unknown power, she also took up the trail, keeping the two dark forms in the gloomy van in sight until she saw the foremost enter the hotel, and then she breathed a sigh of relief, for she knew he had retired for the night.

An hour later she sat in her room, unheedful of the passing of time. She could not retire. Some unrecognized power kept her up, and, battle against it as she might, she could not resist it. An unquenchable thirst raged in her throat, which she tried to appease with water, but that in her room seemed putrid, boiling. She took a glass, and was about to go to the hall faucet, when she saw a dark form glide away in the gloom, and pass on to the balcony at the extremity of the corridor. Puzzled, she returned to her room, and, removing her shoes, turned down the gas. What meant that form in the darkness? she thought, approaching the balcony. She thought it strange for anyone to be abroad at that hour; knew that the porters were dozing in the office long before. How dark and gloomy, how awfully solemn, this early morning hour to her! She silently approached the balcony and entered thereon, determined to investigate the mystery. A faint light proceeded from one of the windows—*from Lyman's room!* Breathlessly she approached and peered in. Heavens! such a sight met her eyes. With the horror of the moment all the blood in her body seemed to congeal to ice in her heart. But the terror she could not articulate—could not move; her limbs almost refused to aid her. With a mighty, superhuman effort she threw off the numbness, and, with a low cry, she rushed through the open window into the room. A man was bending over the bed, on which reclined a still form, a gleaming knife in his hand about to plunge it in his heart; but she sprang forward, tearing the weapon from his grasp, and, catching him by the shoulders, flung him across the room. "With a yell of baffled rage he turned upon her, and received a smile from him that caused the rich, warm blood to suffuse her neck and face with crimson blushes.

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CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

'TIS ONLY FRIENDSHIP NOW I ASK.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

'Tis only friendship now I ask,
And surely that's not hard to give;
But if you find e'en that a task,
I will not murmur, but forgive.
There was a time the love-light beamed
All glorious from those eyes of thine,
When every look, each word you breathed,
Led me to think you wholly mine.

When fondly clasped in thy embrace,
When on my lips you pressed love's kiss;
When with love's fairy wand you traced
A future that to me was bliss,
I did not ask a greater joy—
To me 'twas happiness complete;
And in that wild, ecstatic joy,
My soul I offered at thy feet.

Laid bare my heart—poor, foolish heart!—
For I did love thee, O! so well;
But dreaming we so soon would part,
So sorrowful a fate you'd tell.
Ah, well, so be it; we then part;
'Tis better thus, perchance; and now
I crush the longing at my heart,
And to God's will I meekly bow.

NOMIA.

Newark, N. J., May '75.

AMUSING BREACH-OF-PROMISE CASE.

The case of Favis vs. Fitch was heard in the Court of Common Pleas on Tuesday. The plaintiff was Miss Marian Favis, and the defendant was Alfred Fitch. The action was to recover damages for breach of a promise to marry. The defendant denied the promise, and also his refusal to perform it. Mr. Wildly Wright appeared for the plaintiff, and Mr. Lumley Smith for the defendant. Mr. Wright, in opening the case, said that the plaintiff was a young woman, now about 26 years of age, the daughter of a small farmer at Bamford, in Essex. In 1867 she entered into the service of Mrs. Fitch, who carried on a cheesemonger's business in Queen's Road, Bayswater, and whose only son, the defendant, lived with her and managed her business, for which he received a salary of £2 a week, in addition to his board and lodging. Very soon the defendant began to show the plaintiff attentions; and this having gone on for some time, the defendant asked her to become his wife, and they became engaged. The courtship lasted from 1867 until January last year, when it was broken off. No less than 164 letters had passed.—[laughter.]—some funny, some grandiloquent, and some eminently religious; but he would not waste time by reading more than a few extracts from them. The first letter was dated the 11th of June, 1868, and commenced thus:

MY DARLING MARIAN.

Shall I write to say I love thee?
No; that is what thou knowest so well;
And what is more, I know thou lovest me
More than ever I can tell,
While my heart is warm with love,
Hoping, fearing, longing for thee
My own to be, thou spotless dove.

I never knew that I could write rhyme before, but I have managed to put this together, I suppose through my strong feeling towards you.

After some more of the same sort, the letter concluded: "Believe me, my darling, to be yours lovingly forever, ALFRED." The next letter to which he would refer was dated the 20th of July, 1868, and commenced "My dearest, affectionate Marian," and said:

I thank you more than I am able to express in words for your dear, loving, and very nice and acceptable presents, which you have so kindly given me in such an exceedingly loving spirit. Your beautiful letter fills me with joy, and I can scarcely keep tears from my eyes. It is a great blessing to have anyone so devoted to me, and possessed of such a loving and tender heart; and I hope you will accept the assurance that I feel in return an equal love for you, darling, it is possible that such a devoted and pure affection of such a dear girl as yours can possibly be shared in by me. Life blessed by the influence of such a loving girl is indeed worth living for, and worthy a severe struggle to attain. You pour fresh energy into my heart, and I altogether feel unworthy of you.

On the 6th of August he wrote:

MY DARLING MARIAN.—As I felt rather lonely I went round your way last night, and when you went upstairs I went down the mews in the hope of just catching a glimpse of you, and these thoughts occurred to me:

I see the shadow on the wall, and know it is my Polly,
And guess she's thinking well of me, who's here for love of Polly.

Ah, now I see that light put out—of that I'm rather sorry;
No matter, I'll go home and dream about my darling Polly.

[Loud laughter.]

Mr. Justice Grove—That was in consequence of the mews, I suppose. [Renewed laughter.]

Mr. Wright—Possibly it was. The letter went on:

I am continually thinking of you, my darling, and experience great pleasure in thinking of your good qualities, and comparing them with the contrary in many a girl I see and hear of. Your dearest forever, ALFRED.

In June, 1869, the defendant expressed himself thus:

I think I see you sitting at tea like a good mamma, superintending the family affairs, and feeling very happy time to come. I am constantly looking forward with hope to the future, never wavering in my first love to you, darling, only wishing for your continued love to me.

Ever, darling, yours affectionately, ALFRED.

There were many other letters of the same kind, one or two of them of a religious character; and so late as the 25th of January in last year, the defendant concluded a letter to the plaintiff in these terms: "Believe me ever your affectionate and sweetheart, Alfred," and yet four days after he wrote:

DEAR MARIAN.—I write to you for the purpose of breaking off our engagement, and I commence the letter in this abrupt manner that you may know the purport of my writing, and to save you any unnecessary suspense. I have been led to take this step by unforeseen circumstances, for which I was not at all prepared. You may perhaps remember that about the same time that nothing was further in consequence of what Uncle George Fitch has said. He spoke of the disadvantage it would be to me to marry anyone with whom my friends could not associate; but at that time I thought that difficulty might be overcome by your receiving further education. The subject has cropped up again; and he now tells me that if I persevere in my intention to marry you, he can never recognize you or myself any longer; so that my service under him must cease, and my prospects generally will be blighted. My mother has never ceased her opposition to our union, and refuses to recognize you, and is strengthened in her resolution by the attitude of my uncle. With sorrow and grief I remain your friend, ALFRED.

The plaintiff was called, and she spoke of the promise to marry, and of the defendant making her a present of a watch, a dress, and other things. Witness, after the engagement was broken off, fell ill. Mr. Lumley Smith addressed the jury in mitigation of damages, asserting that the defendant was not in a position to pay damages, nor, in fact, to support a wife. The defendant himself corroborated this statement, and said that he was now in the employment of a cheesemonger at Newington-butts; his salary was 34s. a week, and he lodged with his mother and paid her 7s. a week. He had on his father's death come into the possession of £100, but that had been expended upon the family necessities. He had not a farthing beyond the 34s. a week. In cross-examination he said that he had once the greatest affection for the plaintiff. Being pressed as to his present feelings towards her, he confessed that after these proceedings he bore her the greatest hatred. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff—damages, £100.—*Liverpool* (Eng.) *Mercury.*

WHO DID THE COURTING?

Sarah E. Bodine, a dressmaker, living at 348 West Fourth street, has sued James Collins, a baker, in the Supreme Court, for breach of promise of marriage. From the affidavits it appears that the plaintiff became acquainted with Collins in 1871. She was in the habit of purchasing bread and pastry at the store of Collins, and on one occasion the latter asked her if he might have the pleasure of calling upon her. She replied in the affirmative, and asked him to take tea with her on the following evening. At the appointed time Collins called, and was received by Miss Bodine, who informed him that, owing to sickness in the family, she had been compelled to forego the tea-drinking, and had so notified other expected guests, but should like to have him spend the evening with her, which he accordingly did. He frequently visited her during a period of six months subsequently, and in March, 1872, made an offer of marriage, which was accepted, and the wedding-day was named for the 22d of April. Sometime the later Miss Bodine represented to her affianced that she must have at least six months to get ready, and he consented to wait until the 4th of September following. In August the expectant husband asked for a further postponement, and on the 24th of September went to his affianced and told her he had reconsidered the matter, and had come to the conclusion that it was not best for him to marry. On the receipt of the letter, Miss Bodine called at Mr. Collins' bakery, and upbraided him for his fickleminddeness. During the interview the baker succeeded in getting possession of the letter, but finally relinquished it on the promise of Miss Bodine that she would show it to no one. The latter immediately sought the advice of a lawyer, and employed him to bring suit against the baker for $5,000 damages, for breach of promise of marriage. The evidence yesterday was very contradictory, Collins swearing that Miss Bodine had made the first advances to him, and had, in fact, been pursuing him with the intention of forcing him into marriage with her. According to his story, she on one occasion proposed that she should take rooms over his store and live with him as his wife, and on another occasion offered to pay all the expenses if he would take her on a tour to Europe.—*N. Y. World*, May 26.

A MAINE WIDOW VANQUISHES A SON OF MARS.

A case of some novelty was tried at New Vineyard, Me., last week, before Trial-justice Lowell—State, on complaint of Col. Columbus Hardey, vs. Widow Miriam S. Stewart. It appears that for some years there has been a feud between the Colonel and the respondent. They owned and occupied adjoining lots in the New Vineyard village, and on the 3d inst. the pent-up and slumbering fires of hatred burst forth. The Colonel put some poisoned dough where the widow's trespassing hens would find it, but the widow found it first, and threw the pan with its contents into the mill-pond. The Colonel soon after missed it, and went to the house of the respondent, who was at work in her woodshed, and demanded to know the whereabouts of said pan. A few words followed, not of the most pleasing character, when the widow brought to her aid a pole some twelve feet long, with which she had been brushing down cobwebs in her woodshed, and which then contained a large swab of cobwebs on one end, which she said she used in brushing the Colonel's face in addition to his hair. But he declined that she belabored him over the head with it until he got hold of that end, and "then commenced the tug of war." Each strove for the possession of the pole; but the Colonel said that she pulled him up hill in the dooryard in spite of his exertions; and when she had drawn him up within reaching distance, she dropped the pole and sailed into the gallant Colonel for a bear-hug. It did not appear which got the "under hold," but the Colonel in an instant found himself the victim of greatly superior strength, and all his former military glory eclipsed, by lying flat on his back on a woodpile with a handsome, young and determined woman bending over him with knees upon his abdomen, hands clenched in the hair on each side of his head, and his head bearing the same relation to the woodpile that an old-fashioned churn-dasher does to the churn when in use. Notwithstanding the good looks and frank demeanor of the respondent, the Trial-justice came to the conclusion that, though "words were sometimes spoken, that was not a justification for using the pole, and therefore decided that she pay a fine of $5 and costs of prosecution, which sum was readily paid. And now the Colonel offers to bet $100 that his antagonist can place either of the counsel engaged in the case upon the woodpile in the same manner he was placed.—*Boston* (Mass.) *Herald*, May 24.

THE BRIDE OF AN HOUR.—A romance in real life is reported from Halifax, in Yorkshire, namely, the elopement of a bride on her wedding day with the gentleman who officiated as "best man" at the ceremony, and, who was, moreover, engaged to be married to her sister. After the marriage had taken place, the wedding-party adjourned to the house of the bride's mother. One by one they left the room where they were assembled, until the bridegroom found himself sitting alone with his mother-in-law. Some time having elapsed without the reappearance of the bride, the bridegroom, having exhausted his conversational powers, went in search of her, and was rewarded by finding her in a public-house with the "best man." The bridegroom himself, being a teetotaler, was given to understand that his presence was *de trop* in that establishment. This led to an argument, during the course of which the bride and the "best man" slipped out of the public-house, and have not since been heard of. The story, which presents features of unusual interest, is another example, if any were needed, of the existence of some defect in our present matrimonial arrangements.—*London* (Eng.) *Pall Mall Gazette.*

DETERMINED ELOPERS.—A couple of elopers from Connecticut hired a team in Stafford, and drove to Sutton May 21. The husband of the guilty woman traced them to Sutton, and had them both arrested by the local constable, who left the woman at his house and took the man to Millbury, confining him in the new lock-up there, after which he went home. He returned to the lockup next morning, only to find the door shattered to pieces, the floor torn up, and the new lockup completely wrecked. It appears that the man after breaking out went to the officer's house, signaled the woman by taps on her window, got her out, and both made their escape.

EUROPEAN OPERATIC AND DRAMATIC NOVELTIES

"DON MUCARADE,"

an opera-bouffe, composed by M. E. Boulanger, to words by M. Barbier and the late Michel Carre, was produced at the Salle Favart, Paris, France, during the week closing May 15.

Mucarade is a guardian, who, like Bartolo and all his kidney, keeps his fair ward under the strictest surveillance; indeed, under lock and key. Of course the drift of the plot is to carry Pepita from Don Mucarade, and the means of escape are hit upon by Gabiolo, the valet of Don Pablo, her lover. Gabiolo sets to work with all the zeal and confidence of an artist skilled in such tricks. He declares that he will bring the testy guardian into such a state of mind that he will, of his own accord, sign the marriage contract between the two young people with the best grace in the world. In order to lead to this result, he has resort to a comical series of devices by which the old man's head is completely turned. In the first place, he calls with Don Pablo at Mucarade's house, and asks the guardian of Pepita, to his great stupefaction, to aid them in the abduction of a young girl whom he does not name. Mucarade, naturally enough, thinks the scheme refers to Pepita, and he meets the proposal with a rebuff of the most severe and threatening character. But Gabiolo puts him quite off the scent by declaring the project relates not to the young lady he watches over so jealously, but to the niece of his neighbor. Delighted at this explanation, which sets his mind completely at ease, the worthy guardian accepts the proposals made to him, all the more willingly in order to expose the sight of an immense pistol with which Gabiolo supports his argument in a very persuasive manner. But from that moment things take a new turn as regards poor Mucarade's poor mind. He is the fortunate possessor of a walking-stick, snuff-box, and ring that are unique in their way, veritable curiosities of which it is impossible to find the fellows. He takes extraordinary pride in these objects, and, next to Pepita, guards them as the apple of his eye. What is his amazement when he perceives that Gabiolo and his companion have between them a stick, a snuff-box, and a ring exactly the same as his own! At first he imagines that he has been robbed; but when he finds his own precious ring on his finger, his matchless snuff-box in his pocket, and his cane in his hand, he asks himself if he is dreaming, or if his visitors are emissaries from a certain nameless personage of evil reputation. In the end he quite loses his wits, and arrives at such a state of confusion that, when night falls, there is little or no difficulty in making him mistake his own garden for that of his neighbor, and his well-watched wall for the niece of whom Gabiolo and Pablo had spoken to him. He signs everything they ask him, and, the contract being once completed in proper form, he is acquainted with the truth. The ring, snuff-box, and cane, by means of which the conspirators have triumphed, are merely cleverly-executed imitations Gabiolo has had made of the original treasures, which Barbara, the duenna, had confided to him for the purpose. The canvas of this little story is small and slight; but the authors have embroidered on it a vast amount of fun, and have enriched it with two episodical characters, who add greatly to the amusing effect of the piece. The work is bright, lively, and full of originality, and the music is admirably in keeping with its characteristics.

Duvernoy appeared as Gabiolo, Therry as Don Mucarade, Bacquelt as Luc, Potel as Proch, and Mlle. Chevalier as Pepita. "L'Amour Africain," music by M. Paladilhe, words by M. Legouve, is the name of a comic opera, in two acts, recently produced at the same house; but it is said not to merit description.

"THE SISTERS,"

a play written by an unknown author, was brought out a short time ago at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, Birmingham, Eng.

In the first scene the spectator is introduced to a meeting of a Board of Guardians in an obscure village in Devonshire. The meeting is presided over by a clergyman and two of the members of the Board, who rejoice in the names of Splodgers and Snodgers respectively, keep up an almost perpetual wrangle. A Master Cheeky is also present as the representative of a local publication, taking notes of the proceedings. The impersonation of this "gentleman of the press" is truly ridiculous, and the details and incidents prove that the author has little, if any, knowledge of what ordinarily occurs at meetings of Boards of Guardians. The young gentleman, looking "cheeky" enough in all conscience, is desired to retire, as the guardians presumably are about to transact some secret business, that will not bear the light of day. This excites the wrath of Master Cheeky, who, to show how he despises the authority of the Board, deliberately lights his cigar in the room, and, after a few puffs, strides jauntily out of the place, to wreak terrible vengeance through the columns of the local "thunderer." The cases for relief then present themselves, and the deserving and the undeserving poor, the young and the aged, are treated with the same want of consideration and hard-heartedness; and to such an extent is this cruelty carried out, that the medical officer, whose salary is £30 a year, resigns his post in disgust. A broken-down farm laborer and his aged wife die in each other's embrace when about to be separated by the relieving guardians, and stirred away from their sad wards. The aged couple leave two female grandchildren, twins, who appear in the second act—the one, Amy, as the wife of Dr. Philip Glover, and the other as Laura Wood, who has been adopted by her husband, Lester Blackmore, to whom she was clandestinely married, and left with her offspring in misery and poverty, the woman herself having undergone six months' imprisonment for robbery. In the next scene there is a view of the Haymarket, with a number of women of questionable character in the neighborhood of a casino. A Mary Wurzell, who is amongst the "soiled doves," and is one of those who had been as barbarously treated by the Devonshire guardians, here meets Laura, and they narrate to each other their painful careers and downfall. Spiodgers and Snodgers also meet accidentally in the locality, and decide to "go on the spree." With that end in view they enter the casino. Blackmore after a little time meets Mary Wurzel, whom he had seen talking to Laura. She agrees to conduct him to Laura's home, a miserable garret, which is brought out in the scene which follows, with Laura's sick child. Blackmore is about to murder the child, when Laura suddenly presents herself at the door, and in the course of a scuffle with her betrayer she stabs him with his sword in defense of her child. The wound proves fatal, and the curtain falls, with Blackmore's lifeless body upon the floor. In the first scene of the third act, Amy is in prison upon a charge of having murdered Blackmore, she having been apprehended by mistake, owing to her features so closely resembling those of her twin sister, Dr. Glover, who had been called upon professional business to Devonshire, is sent for, and when he returns and finds his wife in prison upon so serious a charge there is without a doubt a touching scene. In the course of events which follow, Mary and Laura are seen, maddened by drink and in great despair, seeking for a night's refuge Snodgers and Splodgers, in their dissipation, are "run in." There is a view of Waterloo Bridge by night, and here Laura has come for the purpose of committing suicide, but is prevented by Mary Wurzel. She attempts to drag Mary down over the parapet, when Dr. Glover appears opportunely upon the scene, and prevents the catastrophe. He tells Laura he will give her one clear night before putting the police upon her track; but here a detective makes his appearance. Laura jumps to the parapet, but she is so exhausted that before she can take the fatal leap she is taken into custody by the police. Some of the characters, while in the meantime has been liberated, shortly afterwards reappear in, and the husband and wife embrace each other. From the opening of the first scene to the close of the last, low life and dissipation are continually upon the surface. The worst possible features of frail humanity are brought out prominently upon the canvas, with scarcely a redeeming line—nothing to soften them down.

The characters were distributed thus: The sisters, Miss Florence Chapman; the aged pauper, Romaine Callender; Blackmore, Robert Astley; Dr. Glover, G. W. Harris; Mary Wurzel, Miss Kate Kearney; Splodgers, Frank Hill; Snodgers, Arthur Rich.

"THE BUNCH OF BERRIES,"

the pantomime burlesque, written by R. L. Blanchard for the Vokes Family, was presented at the Adelphi Theatre, London, May 8, and is spoken of as follows by *The Era* critic:

The idea is not dissimilar from that which was so cleverly worked out in "Out of the Kitchen," the ambitious aspirants to fret and strut their hour upon the stage being, however, in this instance, selected from the drawing-room, rather than from the region devoted to purposes culinary. The scene is Hollybush Hall, whose owner, Sir Gilbert Gooseberry, and Lady Raspberry, his sister, are from home, the house being left in possession of Mr. Blue Berry, his niece, May Berry, Rose Berry and Hilda Berry; and Lord Strawberry, who is on a visit. These frolicsome personages, headed by Lord Strawberry, resolve to get up an amateur pantomime. The idea, once conceived, is speedily put into execution. "Harlequin Prince Pantomime, or the Dark Demon of the Dismal Damp," is the title selected, and Lord Strawberry's knowledge is very ready with his brush, as is not long in producing a transformation scene called the "Region of Perpetual Ris-h." Matters are carried on in true orthodox fashion. We get the opening chorus of demons and their fiendish entrance, both as funny as to lead us breathlessly demand for their repetition. We are taken in imagination to the bright abode of the fairy queen, a lady armed with a feather for a wand, and anything more laughable than the fairies' dance and attendent pose we have seldom, if ever, witnessed. In due order we are introduced to a village—certainly of a very primitive kind, the windmill, the cottage, the bridge, and the cataract being contrived on principles the most simple, and calculated to move an anchorite to mirth. The village maidens sing and dance, the old miller cuts his capers, and a demoniacal Romeo woos a fair and unwilling Juliet beneath the cottage window, a grand collapse, which set the house in a roar, bringing us to the comic scenes, ardently longed for by the ladies of the party. The duties of Columbine are allotted to Miss Rosina Vokes; those of Clown to Fred Vokes, and those of Harlequin and Pantaloon to Walter Vokes; the Misses Victoria and Jessie acting as the amateur "supers," upon whom the jokes of the others are to be practiced.

"WOMAN'S LOVE, OR A GIPSY'S VENGEANCE."

A romantic and sensational drama entitled as above, and written by Henry Cleveland, a member of the Elephant and Castle Theatre Company, London, was produced at that establishment May 8.

The "woman's love" alluded to in the title is the passion conceived by the high-born lady Eva Harlowe for the lowborn gipsy elfin Manrico, who has rescued her from the outrage attempted upon her by one of the villains of the play, called Leicester Boyne. The "vengeance" referred to is, we need hardly say, that of the Gipsy Chief, whose sister Zillah, in the Gipsy Queen, is carried off by another villain named Lord Oliver. The last-named is a scoundrel who hesitates at no crime so long as his purpose is served. Interrupted in the attempt to rob his father's house, he becomes guilty of parricide, and subsequently so plays his cards that the crime is laid to the charge of Manrico, who, in pursuit of vengeance, consigns the gipsy chief to the earth of the decided, mites among the higher circles, and leaves no stone unturned to discover the perpetrator of his sister's wrongs, finding an active coadjutor in the Lady Eva, who even goes the length of taking service to serve him, and especially in one scene displays quite heroic courage in order to rescue him from the toils of his enemies. Matters, of course, come right in the end, villainy being defeated, and virtue issuing triumphant from the fray altogether triumphant.

The cast included Miss Marie Henderson as Eva, Alfred Rayner as Manrico, Wm. Hinning as Leicester Boyne, Harry Cleveland as Lord Oliver, and Miss Blanche Carlton as Zillah.

"LA DERNIERE POUPEE."

This is the title of a one-act comedy, from the pen of M. De Najac, which constitutes the latest novelty at the Gymnase, Paris. A correspondent thus speaks of it:

The subject is a terribly delicate one to handle without shocking an audience—even of Parisians; but I must say, in the author's favor, that he has shown great tact in his treatment of it, and that he skirts with considerable skill the precipices on which so many writers would have fallen. The piece is an unpleasant one, and its production is an enigma to most people. The action is exceedingly simple. M. De Marillac has married a widow, still young, but who is the mother of a charming girl of sweet sixteen. The husband insensibly—without his own knowledge, the author wishes us to understand—falls in love with his stepchild, and when he awakes to the reality of the perilous situation wishes to take himself away to a distance from the horrible temptation. But his wife, who is quite blind to the truth, is jealous at his proposed departure, and reproaches him with his indifference towards her and her daughter. Finally, the girl, as she is bidding him adieu, and, striving vainly to turn him aside from his projected voyage, says to her stepfather, "Ah! you have never liked me!" and, in the excitement of the moment, he exclaims: "I, why I adore you!" Then, ashamed and stupefied at such an expression of his hidden feelings, he rushes away like a madman. The young girl is at first lost in wonder and astounded by this unlooked-for exhibition of passion; but the light breaks upon her by degrees, and she gives her hand to an honest cousin, who—an offer of marriage she had rejected only the moment before. De Marillac will travel for six months in the New World, and come back, it is to be hoped, cured of his dangerous folly.

Pujol acted the part of De Marillac, and Mlle. Legault was the heroine.

THE TURF.

EPSOM RACES.

The Derby Won by Galopin.

The subjoined cable dispatch furnishes particulars of the great turf event which annually attracts all England to Epsom:

LONDON, May 26.—Derby Day opened auspiciously, with fine weather, which foretold, as a necessary consequence, the success of the great sporting event of the year. The lines of railway from London to Epsom were called upon to their utmost capacity to furnish transportation to all who desired to go to the course by rail, and the entire road, from the city to the Downs at Epsom, was alive with vehicles of every description. The attendance on the course was immense, the grand-stand, Barnard's stand, and the others being densely crowded with those anxious to obtain a good view of the contests of the day, while the number of carriages formed as notable an array as ever. Among the assemblage on the stewards' stand were several representatives of royalty and numerous members of the nobility, including the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne, and the Duke of Cambridge. When the horses that were to contest for the "Blue Riband of the Turf" were brought before the starter, the field was found to consist of eighteen, the chief interest being centred on Prince Batthyany's Galopin, who was made favorite, as low as two to one being accepted against him before the start. Mr. Vyner's Camballo, the Two Thousand Guineas winner, Lord Aylesford's Claremont, and Lord Falmouth's Repentance colt, also attracted considerable attention, especially the former, on whom a large amount of money was bet, two to one having been taken against him on his Newmarket running. The odds against Claremont were fourteen to one, and against the Repentance colt twelve to one. Galopin, who was cleverly ridden by Morris, won easily by a length, bringing the Hungarian prince the richest stakes, and proving himself the best three-year-old of the year. This is the first Derby win scored either by Prince Batthyany or by Morris, and both received an ovation on the return of the winner to the paddock. Claremont came in second, and the Repentance colt third. Garterly Bell came in fourth, and was followed, in the order named, by Seymour, Lord Berners, Punch, Bay of Naples, Exile, Earl of Dartrey, Gilbert, Woodlands, Temple Bar, Fareham, Earlston, Camballo, Breechloader, and Telescope. The time was 2:47. The following are the conditions of the race:

Ninety-sixth renewal of the Derby Stakes of 50 sovereigns each, half forfeit, with 1,000 sovereigns added; to carry 122 pounds, and fillies 117 pounds; the second received 300 sovereigns, and the third 150 sovereigns, out of the stakes; about one mile and a half, starting at the new high-level starting-post; closed with 196 subscribers.

Lord Falmouth's b. f. Ladylove, by Blair Athol, dam Veronica
Lord Falmouth's b. f. by Macaroni, dam Queen Bertha
Lord Falmouth's b. f. Ladylove, by Blair Athol, dam Veronica
J. M. Astley's b. f. Sister to Musket, by Toxophilite, dam by West Australian
Count F. de Lagrange's b. f. La Sauteuse, by Man-at-Arms, dam Merry Maid
H. Chaplin's bk. f. Hazeldean, by Cathedral, dam Nutbush
W. S. Cartwright's c. f. by Saunterer, dam Fairminster
J. W. Macdonald's c. f. Merry Maid, by Camerino, dam Merry May

Spinaway was bred by Lord Falmouth in 1872, and is by Macaroni out of Queen Bertha, winner of the Derby and Oaks, respectively, in 1863. She is trained by Matthew Dawson, and, by her dual victory in the two great filly races of 1875, promises to become as famous as the late "Mr. Launde's" Apology, who, in addition thereto won the St. Leger last year, a record which cannot be equaled by Spinaway, as she is not engaged in the St. Leger Stakes. Her other engagements for the present season are the Twenty-seventh Triennial Stakes, the Ascot Biennial, the First October Meeting, the Royal Stakes and Newmarket Oaks at the Second October Meeting, the Ascot Derby, the Gratwicke and Nassau Stakes at Goodwood, the Yorkshire Oaks and the Doncaster Stakes.

TROTTING IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The May meeting for New England horses commenced on Tuesday, May 18, with a rather meagre attendance, which, however, was improved upon during the remainder of the week. The opening trot was for horses that had never beaten 3:00, $100 to first, $75 to second, $25 to third, mile heats, three in five, in harness. It had four starters, and was won in three straight heats by M. Carroll's b. g. J. G. Blaine, Hazor second, Rosedale third. Time, 2:35½, 2:33½, 2:34¾. The second trot was for 2:33 horses, for prizes of $200, $125, and $75, same conditions as in first contest. J. T. Manson's c. g. Col. Barnes won first money, Arthur second, and Frank Hall third, the horses occupying these relative positions in each of the three heats trotted. J. S. Young and John T. Russell were distanced in the second. Time, 2:35½, 2:36½, 2:36¾. Rain caused a postponement on the 19th; but on the following day everything was favorable, and the two events which took place were enjoyed by a good-sized assembly. First came a trot between 2:42 horses, for a purse of $300, divided as before, same conditions, which had four starters, and was won by Lon Morris' b. g. John S. Heald in 2:42½, 2:39½, 2:40¾; Blanch second, Polly third. Horses of the 2:38 class came upon the scene next, the prizes offered being $150, $100, and $50. There were six starters out of eight entries, and five heats were contested before a decision was arrived at; the first being taken by J. Ramsey's g. g. Meddlesome, the second by D. Bigley's g. m. Lady Daggett, and the three following by Mr. Bight's g. m. Jessie, who took first money, the second going to Lady Daggett, and the third to Meddlesome. Time, 2:43½, 2:41, 2:41, 2:42½, 2:41. Sport was recommenced on the 21st by a contest between 2:35 horses, for $300, divided as above, with five starters. M. Carroll's b. m. Amy carried away the first money, Grace taking the second, and Effie the third. Time, 2:33½, 2:34¼, 2:35. A purse of $200, split in the usual way, was then trotted for by horses who hadn't shown anything better than 2:42. It had three starters, and was won by H. Woodruff's b. g. Dennis, distancing Billy Marston and Maggie S. in the first heat. Time, 2:35. The meeting closed on the 22d, when the trotting was resumed with a contest participated in by horses of the 2:29 class, for a purse of $500—$250 to first, $150 to second, and $100 to third. This was the best contested of all the races, and it was not until the distance had been six times trotted that H. Brock's b. g. Honest Billy became entitled to the first money by winning the third, fifth and sixth heats. Dustin Jim took the first and was drawn after the fifth; Honest Harry captured the second (and with it third money); and Flora Belle (who won fourth money) carried off the fourth heat. Time, 2:32½, 2:31½, 2:33, 2:31¼, 2:31, 2:32. A match for $200 was then trotted by George H. Hicks's g. g. Little Ned, in harness, and J. T. Manson's c. g. Col. Barnes, to wagon (wagon and driver weighing 280lb). The first heat was dead, the next two were won by Ned, who also took the fifth and the money. Time, 2:39½, 2:41¾, 2:41, 2:39, 2:35.

DEATH OF A SPORTING PARSON.

By cable telegraph we learn of the death, on Monday, May 10, of the Reverend John King, Rector of Ashby-de-la-Launde, Lincolnshire, a gentleman whose name in connection with the English turf was brought into very conspicuous notice last year by the brilliant victories of his magnificent filly Apology, the winner of the triple events of One Thousand Guineas, Oaks and St. Leger. About sixteen years ago, by the death of a relative whose heir he was, he came into possession of the broodmare Manganese, and her daughter Mandragora. Possessed of a fine estate and handsome income, Mr. King's tastes were those of an English country gentleman, fond of outdoor sports, and partial to foxhunting, racing and shooting. The bloodmares he had inherited he bred from, and his racing colors were first registered in Weatherby's Calendar in the year 1863, under the name of "Mr. Launde," derived from the village of which he was the clergyman. Ten years afterwards, in 1873, his name became well known on the turf by the performances of his filly Apology, then a two year-old, whom he had bred himself from Mandragora. But it was in her three-year-old career that Apology achieved her brightest turf triumphs, winning the One Thousand Guineas at Newmarket from a field of eight runners; the Epsom Oaks from ten opponents; the Coronation Stakes at Ascot, and the Doncaster St. Leger from twelve high-class opponents. The notoriety into which Mr. King was now brought as the owner of this world-famous mare attracted the attention of his diocesan, the Bishop of London, and in his correspondence called attention to the circumstance that his (Mr. King's) profession as a clergyman of the Church of England was inconsistent with his practice of running racehorses, and indirectly requiring him to give up either the turf or his church living. The independent old gentleman (for he was upwards of 80 years of age) sturdily responded to the Bishop that his horses had been bequeathed to him, that he was fond of them, bred and raced them for innocent sport, never betting a shilling upon them, and declined directly or indirectly, and for his lordship's threat of depriving him of his rectory, he referred him to his solicitor, who would bring the case into court, and test if the Bishop had the power to do so without Mr. King having committed any offense against the canonical law. The Bishop found that he had fallen rather foul of a troublesome customer, but the voluntary resignation of Mr. King of his rectory, and his retirement from the ministry, settled the difficulty. Last season Mr. King's two-year-old colt Holy Friar carried everything before him, and all through the Winter he has been the first favorite for the Epsom Derby, giving promise that he would make his owner's name as widely known as Apology had done the year before. His death, however, makes all Holy Friar's engagements void, as well as that of Apology in the Ascot Cup.

A MATCH-TROT for $200, mile heats, three in five, in harness, came off at Mystic Park, Boston, Mass., May 24, the contestants being F. B. Brown's bk. m. Nettie and D. F. Baker's b. m. Hattie. The first heat was dead, the horses breaking, Hattie, and she then won following by Nettie. Time, 2:49, 2:47, 2:46, 2:49½, 2:48¼. The g. g. Doctor and b. m. Abbie then trotted a match for $150, which was decided on the first heat, the Doctor being declared distanced for foul driving. Time, 3:00.

NORTHWESTERN PENNSYLVANIA CIRCUIT.—The trotting meetings embraced in this circuit are: Titusville, June 8, 9, 10, six races, $2,425 in premiums; St. Petersburg, 15, 16, 17, seven races, $2,500; Parker City, 22, 23, 24, seven races, $5,000; Sharon, July 1, 2, 3, nine races, $3,600; Greenville, 6, 7, 8, $2,500; Conneautville, 14, 15, 16, seven races, $1,800; Erie, 20, 21, 22, seven races, $5,000. The rules of the National Association will govern.

BASEBALL.

PHILADELPHIA vs. BOSTON.

A close and exciting game was played May 26, between the Philadelphia and Boston Clubs, on the former's ground at Twenty-fifth and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia. The weather was pleasant and the attendance good, about fifteen hundred persons being present. The Bostons played Beals instead of Latham in this game, McVey playing first base. The betting was in favor of the Bostons at the odds of $100 to $40, a large amount of money being invested on their ability to win in two innings. Clapp having been selected as umpire, and the toss being won by the Philadelphias, the game commenced shortly after four o'clock, the Philadelphias taking the lead at the outset, a fair-foul hit by McGeary, and errors by White, Barnes and Manning, giving them one run. The Bostons tied the score in the second inning on base-hits by Leonard and White, the former having been missed on a foul-fly by Snyder. A couple of two-base hits by Murnan and Addy, together with a wild throw by George Wright, gave the Philadelphias another run in the third inning, an alleged questionable decision on a hit of McGeary's losing them the opportunity of making a couple of more runs. In the next two innings the Bostons made no less than five runs on five clean hits and errors by Snyder, Fulmer and Murnan, McVey and Beals distinguishing themselves by three base-hits. This gave the lead to the Bostons, and although the Philadelphias made a fine rally in the fifth inning, Snyder, Murnan, McMullin and Addy being credited with clean hard hits, yet only two runs were scored, two men being put out at second by good throws of White. The Bostons in the last four innings could only score one run, and that on Barnes' single-baser and Snyder's wild throwing. The Philadelphias in the seventh inning made a couple of more runs on errors by George Wright and McMullin's good hit. This left the totals 7 to 6 in favor of the Bostons—rather too close to be pleasant—and by giving way on Fulmer in the eighth inning, McVey catching, Spalding playing first base and White right-field, and the change proved beneficial, the Philadelphias being unable to score a run the last two innings, the Bostons thus winning this closely contested game by one run only. The Philadelphias were much outfielded in their opponents' style. Snyder's errors, however, proving fatal to their chances of success.

BOSTON.	T.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
G. Wright, ss	5	0	1	2	1	2
Barnes, 2d b	5	0	0	3	5	0
O'Rourke, 1b	4	0	0	2	2	1
Leonard, l. f.	4	2	3	0	0	0
McVey, 1st b	4	1	1	7	2	0
Beals, c.	4	0	0	4	2	0
White, c.	4	0	2	3	4	4
Manning, r. f	4	0	0	1	0	2
Beals, c. f.	4	1	1	2	0	0
Totals	38	7	9	27	15	15

PHILA.	T.	R.	I.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McMullin, l. f.	5	1	2	1	0	1
McGeary, 3b.	5	1	2	0	3	0
Addy, r. f.	5	0	2	3	0	1
Meyerle, 2d b	4	0	0	3	1	0
Fisher, p.	4	0	0	1	0	1
Malone, 1st b.	4	0	1	9	0	1
Fulmer, ss.	4	0	1	3	4	1
Snyder, c.	5	1	2	8	1	5
Murnan, c. f.	5	3	2	1	0	0
Totals	41	6	12	27	8	11

Boston	0	0	2	2	0	0	3	0	0—7
Philadelphia	1	0	1	0	3	0	2	0	0—6

Runs earned—Boston, 1. Philadelphia, 1. Bases on errors—Boston, 3; Philadelphia, 5. Umpire, John E. Clapp of the Athletics. Time, 2h. 15m.

BOSTON vs. ATHLETIC

The third championship game between the Boston and Athletic Clubs was played on the latter's ground at Twenty-fifth and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia, on the 27th of May. The attendance was the largest of the season in that locality, nearly five thousand persons witnessing this game. The Bostons had out

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the lines of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that by a recent change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, May 31.

LADIES' LIST.

Averill, Jeannie M. (2)
Avery, Carrie
Atkins, Georgie
Burt, Fannie
Bush, Dora
Brevoorte, Kate
Bender, Mrs. Anna
Baker, Ella
Bradley, Lenora
Barrett, Mrs. Julia
Bartlett, Belle
Belmont, Mrs. Clara
Boniface, Marie
Brandt Sisters
Brunnell, Addie (vocalist)
Bernette, Mrs. Kittie
Crane, Katie
Cole, Lena
Drayton, Jessie (2)
Chatham, Charlotte
Cooke, Mrs. Woodall
Carroll, Mrs. Jennie
Cerito, Mlle. (2)
Clifford, Miss T. S. (circus "biz")
Dervalle, Ida (2)
Darling, Bessie
Daley, Mrs.
Dresden, Fannie
Drayton, Allie
Foy, Ida
Fox, Mrs. Annie
Francis, Lillie (vaudeville artiste)
Fisk, May
"Aronaut"
Allen, Chas. N.
Adams, Edwin (concert.) (2)
Atkin, Frank E.
Aubrey, Robt.
Andrews, Billy
Ashbrook, O. T.
Almonte, C. (acrobat)
Adams, C. (of Robinson's Mins.)
Ainsley, Ned & Willie
Arbuckle, M. (musician)
Ames, Emil (2)
Ainsley, E. (song-and-dance)
Austin, Chas. (comed.)
Anderson, Billy
Bogle, Jos. W.
Baldwin, S. S. 6c.
Baker, E. F.
Bent, Wm. Horace 10c.
Baldwin, C. S.
Boyd, C. (of Price's Minst.)
"Backwoods" Steward, (of Combi., Clevel'd)
Bardwell, Fred H.
Bernard, Gus A. (agent)
Benedict, J. C.
Boles, Tom
Boles, Enrico
Brown, Chas. J.
Bloodgood, Harry
Barry, Ed.
Biller, Charlie
Brown, J. B.
Burke, Jno. M. (2)
Barcus, J. C.
Bendelly, Lew
Blossom, Sim
Blanchard, H. (vocalist) (2)
Bernette, Mrs. Kittie
Crane, Katie
Cole, Lena
Drayton, Jessie (2)
Chatham, Charlotte
Cooke, Mrs. Woodall
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Barry, Ed.
Biller, Charlie
Brown, J. B.
Burke, Jno. M. (2)
Barcus, J. C.
Bendelly, Lew
Blossom, Sim
Blanchard, H. (vocalist) (2)

Burnett, Addie (vocalist)
Bernette

OUR ST. LOUIS, MO., correspondent, under date of May 26, thus furnishes variety news: "Tony Pastor and his traveling company opened at De Bar's Opera-house May 24, to good business, which increased later in the week. It is unnecessary to speak at length of this troupe, as they are all well known; suffice it to say that each and every one was duly appreciated and forcibly recalled. Last night Mr. Pastor extended the Illinois Press Association and accompanying ladies, who are here on an excursion, an invitation to the evening's performance, which was accepted with thanks. They close May 29.....Business at the Comique has been very large this week. The new features were Homer Lane and John McMahon, wrestlers, who created a feeling of interest; but the feature of the week seems to have centred in Ala, gymnast, who by mechanical contrivance is shot up into the air a distance of 40 feet, and catches a trapeze. The olio ran through Delmonico's 'Trip to Paris,' but without any apparent connection. Departures 30th: Minnie Jackson, Williams and Pickert, to New York; Annie Fox, Lottie Brown, John Bowman, to Toledo; Cawthorne Children, Lane and McMahon, to Chicago; Cogill and Cooper, and Maretta, to California; Mollie Melville, Belle Clifton, Nellie Ashton and Josephine Atkinson, to Philadelphia; Tito Cellini, to England; Mollie Wilson, the Wilson Brothers, Mons. Bulkley, Chas. E. Dobson, Otto Burbank, destination unknown. The week has been marked by a continuous benefit tendered by Mr. Mitchell to the Police Relief Fund. Harry Noxon assumes the management May 31 for the Summer season, with Clinton Eddy, business manager; Dick Parker, stage-manager; Frank Cardella, leader of orchestra; Henry Fink, machinery and props. The following people are underlined: The Praeger family, Ala, the Arnold Brothers, Thomas and Lottie Winnett, Ed. Murray and Alice Ross, Mestayer and White, Ella Arnold, Lizzie Lagrange, Alice Daly, John Dempster.....Business at Deagle's has been fair. The new arrivals were Kearney and Moran, who in their Irish specialities are worthy of the applause they receive. James Niles and T. H. Jefferson showed to advantage in their little sketch in black. Miss Jennie Satterlee remains. May 27, Wayne and Lovely were benefited largely, on which occasion the Green Brothers, amateurs, did a song-and-dance in black remarkably well. Departures 30: Wayne and Lovely to New York. Underlined: Tillie Bouton, St. Leon, Nellie and Charley Leslie, and Perry Brothers.....Business at Esher's has been fair. Fred T. Shaw put in an appearance as a vocalist, and was well received. Miss Minnie and Miss Lottie, who made their first appearance, vocalized to hearty applause. Departures: Jennie Burdell and Charley Gallagher."

NO NEW FACES at the Theatre Comique, Providence, R. I., the past week. The departures 27 were the Warren Sisters, to Chelsea, Mass.; the Zeiss Quartet, to Newark, N. J. The Lillian Sisters, Harper and Stansil, and Harry Bryant are to open 31. Business so-so....Isadore's Varieties continues open, and does a fair business. Harry Greacon and Alice Rhind were the people last week, both of whom were satisfactory.....At the Academy of Music, Sweet & Thornton's Female Alliance gave entertainments afternoon and evening of May 29 to good houses. The St. Felix Ballet Troupe appeared in specialties, and were several times encored. Little Leonore, in particular, was very clever; Chase and Davis, who are somewhat popular here, were warmly applauded in their songs-and-dances. The orchestra is under the able direction of Professor Jourdan. The rest of the company are fair. A. S. Austin is ahead. Route: Fall River, Mass. June 1, 2, Bristol, R. I., 3, 4, Woonsocket 5, Westboro, Mass., 7, 8, Athol 9. Letter of May 30.

WITH THE INTRODUCTION of several new faces and an entire change of bill at the Adelphi Theatre, Chicago, Ill., there has been a marked improvement in the business. Minnie and Billy Homer, Mestayer and White, Jennie Southern, L. Percy Williams, Blanche Selwyn, Ben Gilfoil, Mattie and Alice Stewart, and Shed Le Clair comprise the new appearances in the olio, while Richard White, John MacDonald, and Lizzie Gale appeared for the first time in the stock company. Minnie and Billy Homer appear in a sketch styled "The Irish Emigrant," which they rendered very neatly. Mestayer and White—late from San Francisco—considering their youth and inexperience, did a very acceptable double song-and-dance. Miss Jennie Southern presents a captivating appearance, being endowed with a pretty face, fine figure, and a pleasing voice, and sings a good selection of serio-comic songs. L. Percy Williams appears as "The Musical Moke," introducing several dashing songs of the day, and plays the harmonicon, accompanying himself upon a guitar—altogether a pleasing performance. Blanche Selwyn was heard in several of her popular character songs. Ben Gilfoil did well in his songs-and-dances, whilst his burlesques on Blanche Selwyn's changes were most laughable. Mattie and Alice Stewart in duets and dances appeared to advantage. They are prepossessing in appearance, their costumes are unusually rich, and their clog-dancing is excellent. The most thrilling feature of the entertainment was Shed Le Clair's performance of several very fine feats on the trapeze, such as dropping from one trapeze, turning a somerset and catching the other while swinging over the heads of the audience, and finally throwing a double somerset from the trapeze, swinging and alighting upon a platform several feet below him. Billy Courtright has been re-engaged. The performances concluded with "The Corner of Lyons," well mounted and acted by Sam Piercy, Thos. Radcliffe, Richard White, Harry Little, Ada Langdon, T. J. Langdon, W. T. Johnson and others. A benefit was given to the Newsboys' Home on Thursday afternoon, which netted a handsome sum. There are no departures. Fresh appearances May 31. The Wilson Bros. (four in number), gymnasts; the Cawthorne Children (Herbert and Joe), Angie Schott and Ned Wambold. Shirley France continues as stage-manager. Letter of May 28.

THE BELLA UNION THEATRE, San Francisco, Cal., with the company unchanged, has met with customary good business. The attraction during the week ending May 22 was the burlesque of "Lucretia Borgia," with Mr. W. C. Crosbie in the principal character.

BUSINESS at the Metropolitan, Newark, N. J., remains good, though a slight falling-off is observable in the attendance, owing to the opening of Summer gardens and other outdoor attractions in and around the city. The Boisetta are in their sixth week at this place, and were the principal feature the past week. Miss Agnes Sutherland closed suddenly 24. Jennie Lindsay has supplied her place quite acceptably. Herr A. Schulze did not leave last week as announced, having been re-engaged for another week. The "under-water exercise" of J. B. Johnson are novel. Closing May 29: Herr A. Schulze and J. B. Johnson, both going to New York .....The Theatre Comique Combination are billed to appear at the Opera-house June 5.....Jim Coyne the well-known sparrer, has opened a concert-hall, which is tastefully arranged, well conducted, and doing a good business. His people at present are only four, chief of whom is Arthur Davis, comic singer, who was the recipient of a fine moss-agate ring at the hands of the proprietor on May 24. The business is managed by the genial Harry Cliffert, who has a host of friends in this place. Letter of May 29.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Rochester, N. Y. Will Morton, J. H. and May McBride, Dave Paulding and Billy Wild opened on May 24. The attendance continues fair. Vic Reynolds, Mlle. Kurtz, Billy Wild and Dave Paulding closed May 29. Harry Slate, Baker and Doyle and Lola were announced for May 31.

THE COMIQUE SUMMER GARDEN, Washington, D. C., is in the full tide of success. The new appearances May 24 were Nellie Irving, Lillie May and Helen Revere. On May 28 Alf McDowell, a long-time popular member of the stock company, was tendered a farewell benefit. It was a monster affair, and most deserving, for by gentlemanly conduct and studious attention to his duties he has won a host of admiring friends. He joins the company of the Grand Central, Troy, N. Y. The departures May 29 were Prof. Carlyle and son to New York City, Cotton and Birdue to Shelby's, Buffalo, May Marshal to the Baltimore Odeon, Nellie Irving, Signor Jardello, Alf McDowell and Harry Brooks. The announcements for May 31 are Sallie Partington, Harris and Carroll, Ella Mayo and Kitty Allyne....The Avenue Theatre did a nice business during the week. Stage-manager Howard served up an excellent bill of fare. The new arrivals May 24 were Billy Wright, George W. Rice, Millie George, Lizzie Johnson and Frankie Johnson. The cancan continues to be a feature, with Louisa Blissas Frailty. The departures May 29 were James A. Kelly, no engagement, and Minnie Rainforth to the Baltimore Odeon. Collins and Oakes, song-and-dance men, are billed for May 31. Letter of May 30.

MADAME BLANCHE and troupe appear in "Tableaux Vivants" at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, during the week ending June 5. They were billed to appear at Gilmore's Varieties in that city on May 24, but failed to do so; Madame Blanche announcing in a card that the arrangement partly made by her agent with the proprietor of said establishment was without her sanction.

COL. SINN gave a choice variety entertainment at his New Park Theatre, Brooklyn, L. I., last week. Novelty Troupe No. 10 proved as successful as the nine troupes preceding it. Miss Gussie Crayton's caricatures are capital. A. J. and H. Talbott, Jno. Peasley, and the Faust Family come in for a good share of praise. Crossley and Elder are worthy the name of champions in the jumping line. The Martinetti Pantomime Troupe performed "The Magic Trumpet" in fine style. No changes this week.

FLORIO, the infant gymnast, and Victor, the Australian youth in mesmerism, are among the attractions this week at the Olympic, Brooklyn, making their first appearance there May 31.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Detroit, Mich., added three new performers on May 24—the Robinson Family, consisting of two young misses and a young lad, Little Dick. The latter does a very neat song-and-dance, and with his sisters Lizzie and Nellie a triple clog; their vocal selections were also quite pleasing. The Snow Brothers introduced their spider groupings in fine style, receiving encore after encore. Closing May 29 are Gus Peters and Mlle. Annetta, for Toledo; the Snow Bros., for New York; Johnny Bowman and Lottie Brown, no engagement. Coming 31 are Frankie Christie and Susie and Ophelia Starr. Letter of May 29.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Richmond, Va., Mattie Gray showed to good advantage the past week in her character-song "Driven from Home." Jessie Howell dresses well, is painstaking and a decided favorite. Kittie Sanford and Emma Minnetta remain popular. Laura Bernard and J. B. Sanders are announced for May 31.

AT THE CLIPPER CONCERT HALL, Fort Wayne, Ind., Prof. Francis, gymnast; Julia, a trained bear that performs on a trapeze; Charles Lewis, female impersonator; Dave Brown, vocalist; George Collins, Ethiopian comedian; Master Frank, jig-dancer; Mike Canby, banjoist and violinist; and Prof. Travis, wizard, were performing during the past week.

INTELLIGENCE has just reached us of the death of Nellie Cleveland, some weeks ago, in Washington, D. C. Some three or four years ago, while doing a suspension act, the apparatus gave way, and she was seriously injured by the fall. She was given morphine to alleviate her suffering, and she acquired an appetite for the drug, which increased until she became its slave. It is said that she had taken eight grains in one dose without injury. She had resided in Philadelphia during the past few years, and some months ago she went to Washington, where she fell a victim to the effects of morphine. Injections under the skin were made of the poisonous drug, but without avail, and she died there in a hospital, from where her remains were decently interred. Her real name was Ellie Neilson, and it is believed that she was married to a gentleman residing in this State named Myron Gage.

HARRY BECKWITH, comic vocalist and mimic, whose address find elsewhere, can be engaged.

PERFORMERS desiring dates at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, are requested to address Robert Fox, as per advertisement.

AMOS D. ARNOLD informs us that he was privately married to Miss Louise Platt, at New London, Ct., Nov. 1, 1874, while traveling with Charley Shay's Quinculperal Troupe.

TALENT is wanted at Isidor's Garden Varieties, Providence, R. I. See advertisement.

FRANK OSBORNE, Irish, Dutch and negro comedian, desires to join a variety or minstrel company. See card.

THE REINFORCEMENTS to the company at the Odeon, Baltimore, Md., on May 24, were Geo. Kurtz, Tentonic comedian; Nellie Brooks, a comely vocalist; Willie Wells, jig-dancer; Sallie King, who rendered prettily several serio-comic songs; Littie Clara, a precocious and diminutive vocalist, who sings sweetly; and Lou Edwards, an old favorite. The departures on 29th were Billy and Sadie Hassan, to Shelby's, Buffalo, N. Y., and the Kine Brothers. For 31, Minnie Rainforth is underlined. The warm weather has succeeded in bringing from their hidingplace the two large fans with which the atmosphere of the theatre is cooled.

THE GERMANIA VARIETIES, Scranton, Pa., closed May 29 for lack of patronage.

AT THE ARCADE THEATRE, Trenton, N. J., Ned Thatcher, F. J. Mackley, Frank Clarke, Murphy and Shannon, Baldwin and Hamilton, Julia Nagle, Eva Gerard, Sallie Eldridge and Emma Devere comprised the company the past week.

ARTISTS are wanted at the Rondout Opera-house, N. Y. See Geo. A. Hill's card.

JAMES MITCHELL, whose address find elsewhere, clog and song-and-dance artist, wants an engagement.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

SAM PRICE'S MINSTRELS are advertised for Pontiac, Mich., May 31, Flint June 1, East Saginaw 2, Bay City 3, Lansing 4, Grand Rapids 8.

THE GEORGIA MINSTRELS are to be at Erie, Pa., June 2, Dunkirk, N. Y., 3, Jamestown 4, Buffalo, 5, 7.

CARNCROSS & DIXEY will occupy Beethoven Hall, Boston, Mass., the present week.

SIMMONS & SLOCUM'S MINSTRELS closed their season in Philadelphia on May 29. George Thatcher was complimented with a large house May 28, the occasion of his benefit, when Charis, Reynolds, Harry G. Richmond, and Alexander Zanfretta were among the volunteers. They commence a short traveling season on May 31 at Norristown, Pa., and will reopen in Philadelphia about the middle of August.

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS will commence a week's engagement at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, June 7.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS, one of the largest as well as one of the best companies on the road, gave three entertainments at Macauley's Theatre, Louisville, Ky., commencing May 25. Our correspondent says: "They are the first minstrels that have appeared in this theatre since it was built, and the novelty, combined with the entertainment given, served to draw crowded houses. Lew Benedict and Geo. Edwards occupied the ends in the first part, and created much laughter by their jokes and eccentricities. Frank Dumont, L. Mutti and R. T. Tyrrel did some fine singing, which was encored. Part second introduced Frank Kent in a selection of serio-comic songs; Benedict, Edwards, Fox and Ward, in their new specialty 'The Hallelujah Band;' Gulick, Benedict and Dumont, in an amusing farce entitled 'An Awful Fix.' Fox and Ward in new songs and-dances; the full company in a burlesque concert; Geo. Edwards in his banjoisms; and concluded with an illuminated comic tableau, which was very funny as well as novel. The entire entertainment, without exception, was good, and deserved the large patronage it received."

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS had an excellent second week at Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, O., writes our correspondent, adding: "The programme has embraced in the first part new ballads by Albert Welling, Henry Welling and Thos. B. Dixon, and comic ditties by Geo. Wilson and Milt G. Barlow, concluding with a burlesque circus. In the olio were given the burlesque prima-donna sketch of Burton Stanley, songs-and-dances by Primrose and West, song by the quartet; 'The Happy Grangers' by Barlow, Wilson, Primrose and West; banjo solos by Ed. French; Barlow in his act 'Juba;' Primrose and West's clog; and the farce of 'The Employment Office,' with D. L. Morris in the leading character. ....Duprez & Benedict follow at Wood's on June 21."

SAM PRICE'S MINSTRELS performed at Brainard's Opera-house, Cleveland, O., May 26, to good business.

THE GOLDEN MINSTRELS, under the management of Ned Mason, performed in Burke, N. Y., May 27, Chateaugay 28, Ellenburg 29. Route: Altona 31, Movers Junction June 1, Champlain Village 2, Rouse's Point 3.

BOYD AND TURNER close their season with Sam Price's Minstrels on June 5, and then dissolve partnership.

CALLENDER'S ORIGINAL GEORGIA MINSTRELS are to perform at Springfield, Mass., May 31, Hartford, Ct., June 1, New Britain 2, Waterbury 3, Ansonia 4, Norwalk 5.

HARRY ROBINSON'S MINSTRELS performed at Chippewa Falls, Minn., May 24, Eau Claire, Wis., 25, Blackriver Falls 26, Madison 27, Janesville 28, and Beloit 29.

EMERSON'S MINSTRELS last week in Chicago proved quite as successful as the three preceding weeks, in the way of both crowded houses and the artistic merit of the company, states our correspondent under date of May 28, adding: "As the last nights draw near, the demand for seats and standing-room clearly indicates the fact that this company of burnt-cork artists have struck a rich vein in Chicago, and upon their return next September they will be heartily welcomed back. Among the pleasing performances heretofore unmentioned is the truly artistic cornet-playing of Frank Bowles, which is really one of the chief features of the orchestra. Con T. Murphy quietly glided out of the company a few days ago; whither, no one knoweth. He left, not only with his name in the bill, with no notification of his departure, but borrowed a watch and chain from Charley Reynolds, which he forgot to return, etc. The engagement closes May 29, and immediately after the performance they start for New York. Maguire has lately been investing in Chicago horse-flesh to the tune of $16,000, which he proposes to ship to San Francisco.....Haverly's Minstrels are gorgeously billed for their opening at the Academy of Music on May 31. They have more fine paper out than has ever been put up by any other minstrel show in Chicago.....Dan O'Hara (city treasurer) and a number of our leading citizens are making up a tremendous benefit for Billy Manning, to take place at the Adelphi Theatre, Sunday evening, May 30."

BRYANT'S MINSTRELS are billed to perform at Albany, N. Y., June 2, Philadelphia 7, to continue one week, Baltimore, Md., 14, one week, Pittsburg, Pa., 21, one week.

THE BRIDGEPORT MINSTRELS, under the management of Andy Graham, start from Bridgeport, Ct., May 31, for a tour through Connecticut. The company will comprise Johnny Hanford, Billy Stiles, Geo. H. Treat, James Flaggerty, Brown and Lynch, Masters Johnny and Charley, C. W. Hazelton, and a full orchestra and quartet. Route: Ansonia 31, Waterbury, June 1, Winsted 2, Middletown 3, Meriden 4, Bridgeport 5, Danbury 7. Walter Knapp is the advance agent.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS were at Louisville, Ky., May 25, 26, 27, Indianapolis, Ind., 28, 29. This week they show at Lafayette 31, Danville, Ill., June 1, Bloomington 2, Joliet 3, Milwaukee, Wis., 4, 5.

CHARLEY SUTTON, concerning whose whereabouts we published an item in our past issue, has been heard from. A letter has been received from him dated March 7, in which he states that he started for home three months prior to that date, and upon reaching Adelaide, Australia, was taken ill, and at the date of the letter referred to he had sufficiently recovered to get out, and expected to start for home very shortly.

DAVE REED states that he is no longer connected with Bryant's Minstrels. He can be addressed care of this office.

THE LOUISIANA MINSTRELS, now organizing at Neenah, Wis., are to show at Oshkosh June 2, Madison 3, Racine 4, Milwaukee 5.

CHAS. B. HICKS, interlocutor and vocalist, with the Georgia Minstrels, is thus noticed by Pittsburg papers:

As interlocutor he displayed ability and intelligence far above the average, while his singing of "The Little Log Cabin" was full of tender sentiment, and was a rare gem, and received a triple encore.—*Gazette.*

Hicks Prendition of the "Log Cabin" was considered one of the most artistic performances of the season, and the songster was four times called before the curtain.—*Post.*

CIRCUSES.

DEATH OF A BIG WOMAN.—"The largest woman in the country," in the language of the circus placards, died in Baltimore, May 28. Her name was Anna Jane Rohm. She was twenty-nine years of age, and she is said to have weighed 583 pounds one year ago. She was born at Licking County, O., her maiden name being Duck. She was six feet high and measured seventy-two inches around the waist. Although of this immense size, it is stated that she was the smallest, as well as the youngest of three sisters, one of the latter being over six feet high. She was married nine years ago to Mr. Rohm, a trainer of dogs and horses, and after being married for a short time she traveled with Barnum, the European Circus, etc. She became sick about six weeks ago, while her husband was conducting a show near Baltimore. She was then removed to the Washington University Hospital, and on Thursday, May 27, her husband rented rooms on Jefferson street, near Chester, in that city, to which she was removed on the evening of that day. She died, as above stated, of chronic disease. She will be placed in a vault at Baltimore Cemetery, and then taken to her relatives in Ohio. Her other sisters are in good circumstances.

BARNUM'S ROMAN HIPPODROME is to show at Albany, N. Y., June 8, Rochester 14, 15.

AMERICA'S RACING ASSOCIATION exhibited at Albany May 25, 26, and from unforeseen causes their tour was interrupted, and they continued there during the entire week. No show was given on the afternoon of May 27, as the Sheriff had seized the concern. John McKillop & Co. attached the show for $16,000. Other attachments in sums varying from $100 to $200, and amounting in all to about $1,000, were issued from the Justice's Court. The Torrey Brothers of this city have a claim of $12,000 against the concern. Some of the chief performers left the show, but reconsidered their determination and returned. Considerable excitement existed at one time over the seizure of the ticket-wagons, two of the constables having put locks upon and removed them. Subsequently the Sheriff gave the company permission to use the wagons, and upon some of the attaches attempting to remove them, they were set upon by other officers, who thought the men were attempting to rescue the property; and matters were lively until an explanation was made. In the evening of the 27th a performance was given for the benefit of the employees. The stockholders subsequently held a meeting, and our correspondent informs us that "the concern have paid all immediate outstanding debts, and will proceed on their tour, showing at Cohoes May 31, Schenectady June 1, and at the latter place will decide upon their future route." The company has been upon the road nearly two months, during which time, with the exception of two or three days, the weather has been most unpropitious.

FOREPAUGH'S AGGREGATION is billed at Buffalo, N. Y., May 31, June 1, Toronto, Ont., 9, 10.

"VAN AMBURG'S" GOLDEN MENAGERIE is in Michigan. Route: Bellevue, May 31, Charlotte, June 1, Nashville 2, Hastings 3, Wayland 4, Allegan 5, Grand Rapids 7, Lowell 8, Ionia 9.

VICTORIA, trapeze performer, while performing with Cameron's Oriental Circus at Biddeford, Me., May 28, fell and broke her leg, and met with other injuries.

P. T. BARNUM'S "GREAT TRAVELING WORLD'S FAIR" is to show at Erie, Pa., June 1, Girard 2, Conneaut, O., 3, Ashtabula 4, Painesville 5.

THE GREAT ORIENTAL CIRCUS and Egyptian Caravan is to show at Brunswick, Me., May 31, Bath June 1, Damariscotta 2, Waldoboro 3, Rockland 4, Camden 5, Belfast 7, Winterport 8, Bangor 9, 10, Buckspoint 11, Ellsworth 12, Cherryfield 14, Machias 15, Pembroke 16, Eastport 17, Calais, 18, 19, thence into the British provinces.

HOWES & CUSHING'S CIRCUS will exhibit at St. John, N. B., May 31, June 1, 2, Moncton 3, Sackville 4, Windsor, N. S., 7, Halifax 8, 9, 10, New Glasgow 11, Pictou 12, Truro 14, Amherst, N. B., 15, Shadiac 16, Sussex 17, Fredericton 18, St. Stephens 19.

JAMES H. GILLESPIE did not join Howes & Cushing's Circus on May 17, as was reported in another journal.

CLAUDE DE HAVEN has rejoined the advertising department of Howes & Cushing's Circus. He will meet his brigade at St. John, N. B.

SPAFF HIMAN is requested to telegraph to Batcheller & Doris, with P. T. Barnum's World's Fair, as per card.

W. W. COLE'S New York and New Orleans Circus, which is reported as having done a good business in Iowa and Nebraska, is billed at Cedar Rapids, Ia., June 1, Clinton 3.

BARNUM'S WORLD'S FAIR shows at Erie, Pa., June 1, Girard 2, Conneaut, O., 3, Ashtabula 4, Painesville 5, Garrettsville 7, Warren 8, Sharon, Pa., 9, Youngstown, O., 10, Salem 11, Alliance 12.

HOWE'S LONDON CIRCUS is to perform at Atchison, Kas., June 2, St. Joseph, Mo., 3, Marysville 4, Creston, Ia., 5, Red Oak 7, Charlton 8, Albra 9, Marshall 10, Ottumwa 11, Mount Pleasant 12, Keokuk 14.

THE ACCIDENT TO THE QUEEN SHOW IN SACRAMENTO, CAL.—In our past issue we published an account of an accident to Montgomery Queen's Circus, gleaned from the Californian papers. We have since received a letter from an attache of that show, detailing the full particulars; and as they vary in some respects from the published account, we append the letter, dated Sacramento, Cal., May 21.

EDITOR CLIPPER.—The Queen Show exhibited here last week. Our procession was the occasion of a number of runaways. A cheap horse and a one-hundred-and-ten-dollar buggy opened the "carnival," and the horses at liberty on L. street would have done credit to Rome during the days of Julius Cæsar. A four-in-hand carriage, containing Montgomery Queen, James Robinson and Charley Fish, was rushed into by the hand-team, which ran away, and the two hind wheels of the coach were knocked clean off. The driver of the carriage fell off, and the two equestrian "bouncers," Fish and Robinson, cleared the carriage nicely as if they were doing a backward back-somersault through a balloon, and left Mr. Queen to enjoy a mile and a half of straight road after the fastest running team on the Pacific coast. Mr. Queen escaped without injury, and, in relating his feelings whilst in the carriage, said: "That all he feared was he would lose Jim Robinson's silk umbrella." This shows the pluck of our respected head and front of the great representative show of California. Mr. Colvin, who was leading the procession, had his buggy capsized and badly broken, and Mr. C. was badly bruised. One of the band-team jumped out of his harness, and found his way back to the stables; the others the driver succeeded in stopping after running a full mile. Emidy, the leader of the band, says: "The bloody horses wanted to kill the band." The number of runaways footed up fourteen, and the expense thereof was about eight hundred dollars. It was a good advertisement, but expensive. Our show is doing finely, being the first on the coast, and before the people ascertained that their crops would be a partial failure. The country is dried up, and we are now shipping grain to feed our horses at many places. It does seem a pity that so fine a country as this should be subjected to occasional drouths. The emigration from the States has been large, and there is a question as to what shall be done with the emigrants. I am afraid there will be great suffering amongst them. We see THE CLIPPER everywhere through the country—further evidence that it is the widest circulated journal on this continent. We show in Marysville June 1, Virginia City, Nev., 13, 14, 15, and then towards the rising sun.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE NEW MUSIC-HALL, Erie, Pa., which is about completed, is one of the finest halls in the State, remarks our correspondent, writing on May 28, and continuing: The stage is 25x60 feet, and contains a full set of scenery, drop curtain, etc., painted by F. Stanfield of Buffalo. The stage-carpenter work was done by E. D. Carver of Buffalo. There is a large green-room, elegantly furnished, and there are five dressing-rooms, each heated by steam and supplied with gas, water, etc. The hall is elegantly frescoed in figures, scrolls and gilt work, and lighted by a large reflector, trimmed with prismatic glass, which hangs from the dome. The reflector, stage and footlights are lighted by electricity. The hall is heated by steam throughout. It is seated with 800 comfortable arm-chairs made to order, with a contrivance for placing the hat and coat away. Each seat commands an excellent view of the stage."

HARRY LESLIE gave a high-rope ascension at St. John, N. B., on the Queen's birthday, May 24, and the city was crowded with strangers from the surrounding country. We are informed that Mr. Leslie remained upon the rope, performing a great variety of different feats, one hour and forty minutes. He has been engaged for the O'Connell Centennial celebration in August in Prince Edward's Island.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN made her final bow to the citizens of Buffalo May 24. The entertainment consisted of readings. Attendance quite large and appreciative.

STARS AND COMBINATIONS desiring time South during the coming season can address Harry Watkins as per card. Mrs. Harry Watkins will leave for Paris June 26 to purchase new plays, and will negotiate engagements for professionals.

FRED. H JAY, vocalist and comedian, advertises for an engagement after June 1. He would like to hear from Chas. McGinnis.

W. R. WATTS, writer of songs, burlesques, etc., advertises elsewhere.

THE GUERNSEYS, with their "Expose of Spiritualism," had a benefit on May 25 at the Eleventh-street Opera-house, Philadelphia. They appear at Col. Wood's Museum in that city during the week ending June 5.

F. A. LUTTMAN had a complimentary testimonial at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on May 28, when the Guernsellas, B. F. Duane and the Hayes Quartet volunteered.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, is rapidly becoming one of the most popular places of resort in that city.

THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS have under their auspices an exhibition of engravings, etchings and mezzotints, or Broad above Arch street, Philadelphia.

TILL'S ROYAL MARIONETTES are being exhibited at Smith's Island, opposite Philadelphia, during the week ending May 28. The Zanfretta Pantomime Troupe open there May 31.

SIG. PEANO made a balloon ascension on May 27 from the South Broad-street Schutzen Phark, Philadelphia.

P. W. SHRADER, who advertises, wants to engage a glassblower, a Punch-and-Judy performer and a party with marionettes. He also desires to purchase a canvas and an organ.

J. B. MILLER, billposter, Columbus, O., inserts his address in another column.

A LECTURER AND A PIANIST are wanted for a panorama. See D. and B.'s card.

MATT MORGAN, scenic artist, in conjunction with Charles A. Henry, has just opened a studio in this city. He advertises his specialties in another column.

"BACKWOODS' desires a partner in a gift show. Address care of this office.

J. BRUCE, show painter, can be found at his studio in Brooklyn, N. Y., advertised elsewhere.

BECK BROTHERS' PAVILION SHOW—a marione tte and miscellaneous exhibition—including Wah Lee, Chinese wizard; Prof. Leno, ventriloquist; Prof. Romo, with educated dogs; and Punch-and-Judy performances, exhibited at Eldridge, Md., May 28, Laurel 29.

DRAMATIC STARS AND COMBINATIONS wanting time at Bidwell's Academy of Music, New Orleans, La., are referred to Simmonds & Wall's advertisement.

HEALEY'S HIBERNIAN GEMS returned to St. Paul, Minn., May 25, in response to a benefit tendered to Dan Morris by the Saint Paul police force. On a previous visit there, a year ago, Dan Morris performed for the benefit of the police and netted them over $600, which courtesy was reciprocated on the 25th, and the beneficiary netted a very handsome sum, the house being crowded. The company closed their season at Milwaukee, Wis., May 29. Letter of May 26.

JOHN C. DENHAM, stage carpenter, makes all kinds of machinery for theatres, fits out traveling companies with scenery, tricks, etc., and offers to execute all kinds of work at his shop and scene-painting depot advertised in our business department.

VAN DERLIP & TAYLOR, dealers in tights, long hose, equestrian and boating suits, etc., can be found at the new address, given in their card.

THE CHICAGO MUSEUM is offered for sale by T. B. Boyd, who advertises. The collection includes 6,000 curiosities.

GASPARD MAEDER, scenic artist, whose address find elsewhere, can be engaged for the Fall and Winter season.

WHEELER OPERA-HOUSE, Toledo, O., can be rented during June, July and August at reduced rates. See A. W. Bailey's card.

PROF. CROMWELL closed a successful two weeks' engagement at the Masonic Temple, Baltimore, Md., on May 29.

THE MAYO BROTHERS' MORAL SHOW was in Portland, Ct., May 26, 27, 28, East Haddam 29, to continue 31, June 1, thence to Moodus 2, 3, 4, Chester 5, 7, 8, Deep River 9, 10, 11, and Essex 12, 14, 15. Capt. C. M. Perry, who left Howes & Cushing's Circus on May 17, is now their agent.

HEALY'S HIBERNIAN GEMS were exhibited at Hastings, Wis., May 24, St. Paul, Minn., 25, Eau Claire, Wis., 26, 27, Chippewa Falls 28, 29. Their season will close June 1.

FIFTY YOUNG LADIES are wanted at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., to take part in the spectacular drama of "Around the World in Eighty Days," to be produced at this house. For days of application, etc., see card.

GRAND OPERA-HOUSE, this city, is open for rental. Apply to F. Rullman as per card.

THE OPERA-HOUSE, Mobile, Ala., can be found advertised elsewhere by E. Bromberg, to whom application should be made for open dates.

TURNER HALL, Oshkosh, Wis., can be rented through W. G. Bauer, who advertises. The hall is just about being completed, and will have a large stage, with scenery, etc.

SPANGLED ARMOR, theatrical dresses and jewelry are advertised for sale cheap by "Actress."

A LADY RETIRING FROM THE STAGE offers her wardrobe and other articles for sale. See Mrs. Crouchley's card.

THREE FIRST-CLASS LEADERS, full ballet, serio-comic vocalists and other artists are wanted by Lane & Weaver, dramatic agents, who advertise.

MONKEYS, cockatoos, baboons and snakes can be procured of D. Burns, who advertises.

J. KENNEDY offers all kinds of snakes for sale in his card elsewhere.

AMATEUR.

THE LOCK CITY DRAMATIC CLUB recently gave a performance in the Hodge Opera-house, presenting to a large audience "Lady Audley's Secret" and "Norah Creina." A correspondent says: "Miss Susie E. Hodge, who impersonated the character made familiar by Mrs. Bowers, is a lady of such rare beauty that, were she lacking in dramatic ability, it would still be a pleasure to see her upon the stage. She possesses, however, very decided talents, as was abundantly proved by her manner of handling so difficult a part as Lady Audley. Your correspondent has reason to believe that Miss Balcom will tread the boards in a professional capacity during the coming season. If this proves to be the case, he predicts for her signal success."

THE CLINTON AMATEURS are to perform "The Toodles" and "All That Glitters is not Gold" at Clinton, Mo., June 9, 10.

AT THE AMATEUR Drawing Room, Philadelphia, J. M. Keeton had a benefit on May 24, when "Simpson & Co." and "The Two Buzzards" were produced.

THE SOTHERN ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia, appeared in "Oliver Twist" on May 27, in a performance given for the benefit of their organization at their hall, Thirteenth and Cherry streets.

"RICHELIEU" will be acted by members of the Young Men's Literary Association of Baltimore at Ford's Opera-house, June 1.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

SOME CHANGES had occurred at the London, Eng., theatres since our last report, and extended notices of the new plays produced may be found upon another page.

MRS. LUCY RAYMOND, a favorite actress at the Strand Theatre during the past ten years, died on May 9, of dropsy in her fifty-eighth year. The last character she sustained was that of Donna Squabose in the bouffonerie musicale of "Intimidad," brought out three weeks ago; and she rehearsed, but was unable through ill health to perform, the character specially written for her by H. J. Byron, in his new comedy of "Weak Woman." As Miss Smith she was a popular favorite at the Grecian Saloon some thirty-five years ago, when Mr. Raymond was stage-director, a position he held up to October, 1839, when he was succeeded by Mr. Campbell. Mrs. Raymond was buried on May 11 at Tooting Cemetery.

THE "RIGHTS" of French dramatic authors in all the theatres of the country for the past year amounted in the aggregate to the large sum of £92,181, an increase of nearly £5,000 on those of the preceding twelvemonth.

SIMON BOSIO, the celebrated Italian tragedian, is in negotiation with John Hollingshead to perform in London, Eng., at certain matinees in June and July.

MLLE. BLANCHE PIERSON leaves the Gymnase, Paris, France, having accepted a three years' engagement at the Vaudeville.

MISS GENEVIEVE WARD is said to be meeting with the most gratifying success in her provincial tour. At the Theatre Royal, Dundee, on May 17, she was to produce the new play entitled "Despite the World, or Voltaire's Wager;" and on June 7 she appears in the classical play written for her by Mr. W. G. Wills, and entitled "Sappho."

MISS JANE CATHCART, leading actress of the Star Theatre, Swansea, Eng., died there May 4.

THE MAJILTONS commenced an engagement at the Crystal Palace, London, Eng., on Whit-Monday, May 17, and we are informed that they made a hit in their well-known specialty of "Les Trois Diables."

THE THEATRE ROYAL, Leeds, Eng., was destroyed by fire on May 28, so a cablegram informs us.

ALEXANDER HENDERSON intends himself to undertake the provincial tour which Miss Lydia Thompson's successes in London have caused her to defer. He will, therefore, engage a strong comedy and burlesque company.

A NEW PIECE by H. J. Byron is in rehearsal at the Court Theatre, London, Eng., in consequence of the great success of "Lady Flora."

A RUMOR reaches us that Glasgow is to have a new theatre. The recently-erected ornate and spacious building known as the Egyptian Hall, and situated in Union street, will, it is stated, be transformed into a home of the drama.

MLLE. ROUSSEIL was the defendant in a case tried recently before one of the tribunals of the Seine in Paris, France. A correspondent gives the following particulars:

This artiste is going to America in a few months. She was engaged to take the leading role in a drama called "L'Idole," the price agreed upon being 100 francs a night, payable every evening, and a certain percentage of the receipts above 800 francs, this being the daily expense of the theatre. Mlle. Rousseil played for three weeks, and then notified the director that she should leave at the end of another week. He obtained a summons against her for breach of contract and demanded 26,000 francs damages. Mlle. Rousseil declared that she had made the agreement under the supposition that the piece would prove a success, but had soon found it a failure. The receipts had never exceeded 800 francs, and for the last two weeks had fallen below that sum. The manager might be willing to keep it upon the stage at a loss, but she was too well known as an artiste to play in an unpopular piece for the stipend of 100 francs a day. She had given the director a fair notice of her intention, and hence he could not say that she had jeopardized the success of his piece. The court took this view of the matter also, and acquitted Mlle. Rousseil, declaring the manager's complaint unfounded.

MUSICAL.

TOM ROBINSON, pianist of the Steam Clock Concert Hall, Birmingham, Eng., died May 5

TERMS.

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Miscellaneous and Sporting advertisements, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Extracts from other papers incorporated in news department, 50 cents per line.

Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion, and liberal discount made when paid for three months or longer in advance.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor.
CLIPPER BUILDING, Centre and Leonard streets, N. Y.

AMUSEMENTS.

CLIPPER ALMANAC
FOR 1875.

NEWSDEALERS AND AGENTS SUPPLIED BY OUR WHOLESALE AGENTS, THE AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY, 117 to 121 Nassau street, New York. SENT BY MAIL ON RECEIPT OF

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FRANK QUEEN, Publisher,
88 AND 90 CENTRE ST., NEW YORK.

MR. ALEX. FITZGERALD, LEADING BUSINESS, ETC. Will be at liberty after June 5. Till then address BOSTON THEATRE, BOSTON. 10-12*

COLEMAN C. PRESCOTT, DRAMATIC AUTHOR. Permanent address care of CLIPPER Office. 10-2*

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TO J. H. LAINE.

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